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SPECIAL ISSUE

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THE DEMOCRATS

IN SEARCH OF A HERO

★ ★ ★

BY MARSHALL FRADY

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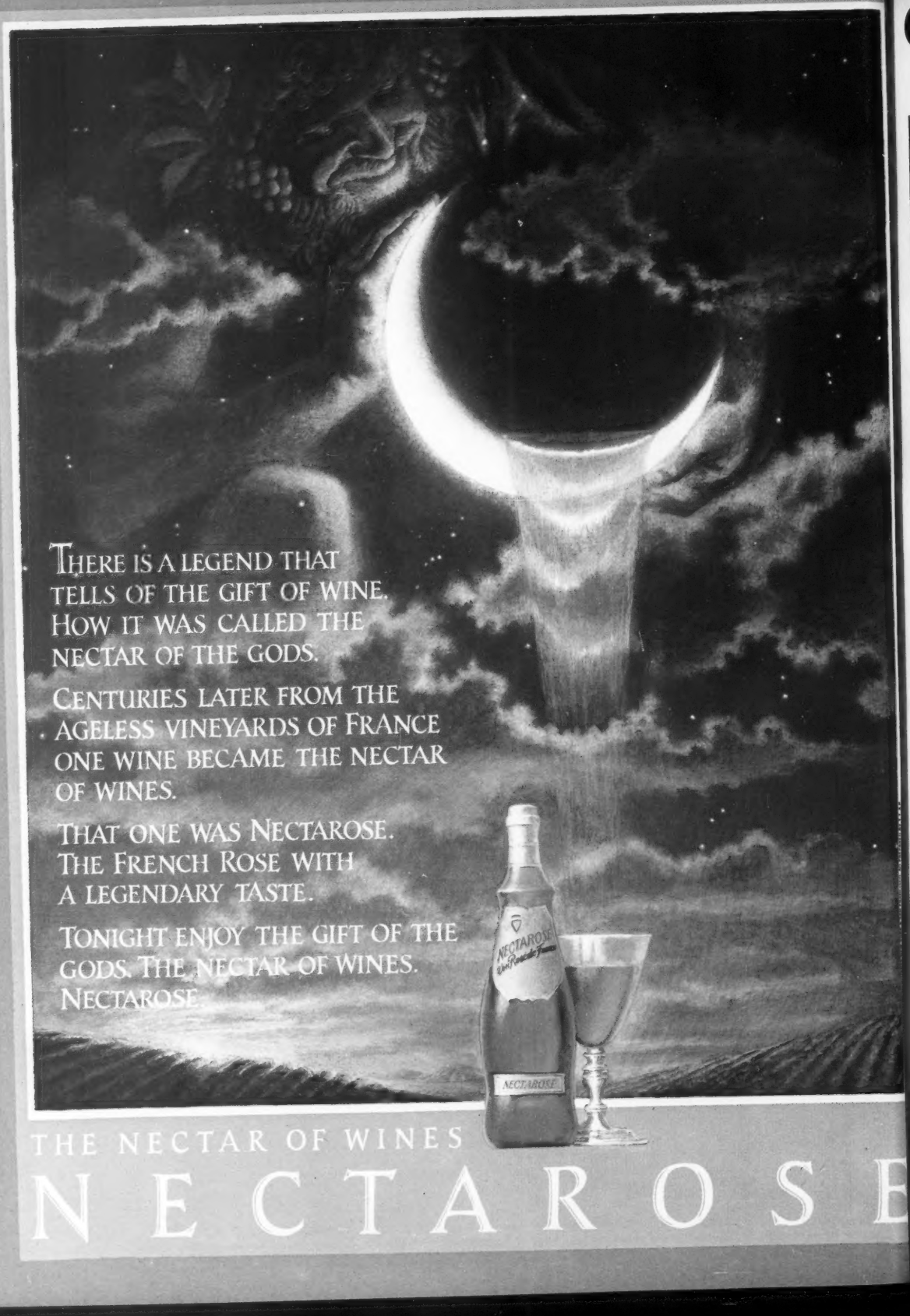
One senses finally that Udall is without that last elemental lust for the sweet musky bitch of power, the final hot carnality of ambition...

With his glister of casual handsomeness, Bayh reminds one more than anything else of some television game-show host—the emcee, say, of *The Dating Game*.

If simple motion were substance, Carter would be Charlemagne....


THERE IS A LEGEND THAT TELLS OF THE GIFT OF WINE. HOW IT WAS CALLED THE NECTAR OF THE GODS.
CENTURIES LATER FROM THE AGELESS VINEYARDS OF FRANCE ONE WINE BECAME THE NECTAR OF WINES.
THAT ONE WAS NECTAROSE. THE FRENCH ROSE WITH A LEGENDARY TASTE.
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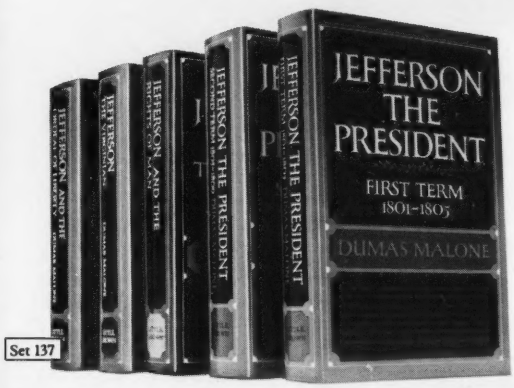

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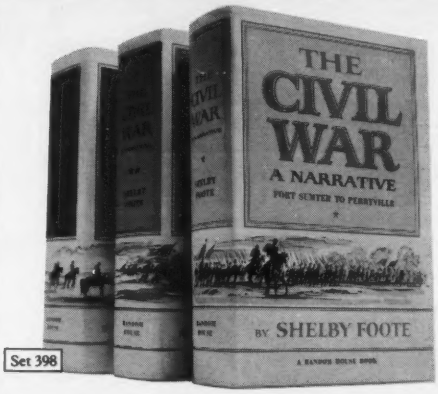

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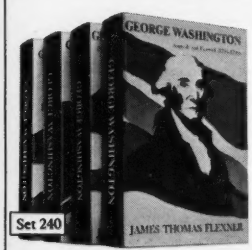

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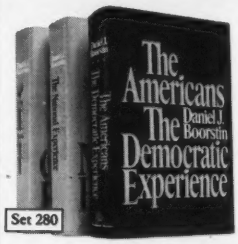

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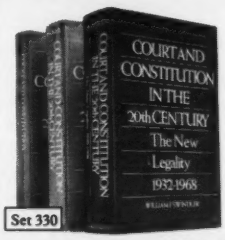

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FEBRUARY 20, 1976
VOLUME 6, NUMBER 4

New Times

THE DEMOCRATS
in search of a hero

Back in October, we asked Marshall Frady to go out on the campaign trail and come back with 4,000 words on Fred Harris for us. Last week, he came into our office with 25,000 words on Harris . . . and Jimmy Carter . . . and Morris Udall . . . and the seven or eight other contenders presently sparring for the Democratic nomination.

What happened along the way? Well, Frady, who began trailing Harris in New Hampshire and New York due to "idle whimsy," soon realized that profiling one candidate would require examining him in relation to the others. And then one night, at 10:30, in the shower of his Atlanta home, he had a vision. "Why not do the whole hot-eyed herd of them. Why not do this whole damn thing polyphonically?" So, on and off for the next four months, Frady traveled to Kentucky, New York, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Florida, Wisconsin and Michigan in the company of each of the pretenders to the nomination. And finally he holed up for ten days in Room 1233 of the Roosevelt Hotel in New York City to put it all on paper. "Once you sit down to write it, then and only then do you understand what you have seen," he said.

Judging from the results, Frady saw—and understood—quite a bit. After completing his five-month odyssey, Frady reflected, "If only someone could move among the candidates and cover with the thoroughness of Teddy White and the insight of Norman Mailer, now *that* would be Olympian." We think Frady has accomplished just that, which should come as no surprise to those who have followed his work.

Born and raised in Atlanta, where his father was a Baptist minister, Frady graduated from Furman University, put in some time on some Georgia newspapers, then covered the South for *Newsweek*. He later wrote for *Life*, *Harper*'s *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Playboy*. In 1968, he completed a campaign biography of George Wallace, published by World, which will be reissued in paperback by The New American Library in March. He is currently working on a biography of Billy Graham to be published by Little, Brown.

By Marshall Frady
Page 18

HUMOR

It's a bull market in Rent-a-Quotes

Ever wonder how Tom Wicker and his ilk always manage to wrest those humble homilies from the man-in-the-street? So did our reporter, until he chanced upon a New Hampshire booking agent who has cornered the market in cracker-barrel wisdom.

By Ron Rosenbaum
Page 38

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Letters

Outdoing Clark Kent

When I was young, President Kennedy was a hero of mine, somewhat on a par with Superman. Then in the Sixties it began to seem that there really aren't any supermen. Now we learn that John Kennedy had a series of affairs in the White House ("Jack, Judy, Sam and Johnny," January 23), and with a bad back yet! Not only that, he managed to keep them all a secret—even from the world's greatest skeleton-in-the-closet finder, Richard Nixon. Superman himself couldn't have done that.

Tom Ehrenzeller
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Copy fever

Ralph Keyes' engrossing piece ("America's favorite reproductive system," January 9) brought to mind an experiment we conducted informally in our office some years back when we noted that our copier shrank each reproduction by a fraction. The question: How small could a letter on a conventional 8½ × 11 sheet of paper be reduced? The answer: By continually copying a copy of a copy, we diminished it to the size of a postage stamp!

Lynn C. Wimmer
Chicago, Illinois

Ralph Keyes' piece on Xerox madness was so good I Xeroxed some copies and distributed them around the office.

Mel Lawrence
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Stash stretcher

We here at The Woodley Herber Company have read with interest and enjoyment Robert Ward's article on Larry Flynt ("Grossing out with publishing's hottest hustler," January 9). It was an excellent profile of a man who is certainly in the right place at the right time.

However, you have slandered our most excellent herbal smoking mixtures, insinuating that they are common, cheap herbs that can "be bought at any health food store." Try finding blue pimpernil, hooded mad weed, humulus lupus, verbascum flowers or African yohimbe bark at your local health food store. Try tracking down cat's wort field balm for your personal use. And price some ginseng sometime. Our aromatic, totally organic herbal mixtures contain no tobacco or oregano.

If they are used as a stash stretcher, or "Herburger Helper," who are you to infer that that is bad? Do you always drink your booze straight? If people are using our blends that way, we are producing the first "mix" for marijuana, and that is an event that we would expect a magazine like yours to cover with deeper understanding than you show here.

Terry O'Connor, President
Thom Hartmann, Vice-President
The Woodley Herber Company
Okemos, Michigan

The wheat deal

Your article "Against the American grain" (December 12) is about as likely a factual fit as a new door in a warped frame. I find it personally and professionally disturbing for the writers to impart a Machiavellian aura to the 1972 grain sale negotiations with the Soviet Union by saying that I "was pulling the toggle switches." My role as representative of the United States government was to acquaint the Russian delegates fully with the provisions of the Commodity Credit Corporation's export credit program and to extend a $750 million line of credit which, if used, would have allowed purchase of grain on credit at a non-concessional rate of interest. I was not authorized to modify the government's position or enter into bargaining over credit or payment terms. As it turned out, the agreement was concluded at regular Commodity Credit Corporation terms, far more advantageous to this country than the terms mentioned by the Russians earlier.

Clarence D. Palmby
Vice President-Public Affairs
Continental Grain Company
New York City

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Cleaning up

Slow Down

By James S. Kunen

There comes a time in everyone's life when he has to clean up his apartment. For me, the time just came. Oh, I had my reasons: the Bicentennial, an impending party, the specter of the Health Department. But really, I just *knew*. "When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,* The youth replies, *I can.*" (Emerson)

Cleaning up was not like I always thought it would be. I had in mind a great cleansing flood which would do to my roaches what God did to Pharaoh's army. I was going to unleash savage cleaning agents which would flush all the microorganisms from their tunnel networks in my bathroom and make them wish they never *heard* of apartment 4-B. By the time I'd finished, the floors would be so shiny the place would be off-limits to parochial-school girls.

Alas, for the first two days my arsenal of spray-guns, aerosol bombs and other anti-dirt weaponry saw no action. I'd forgotten the first rule of good housekeeping: You can't wash the floor until you find it.

My floor was hidden beneath layer on layer of paper, laid down like sedimentary rock by successive seas of mail and newspapers. I sank an exploratory shaft near my desk and, before I hit bottom, came up with a fund-raising letter from the Democratic National Committee, which I discarded, and 15 *New Yorker* magazines, which I had culled from 50 the year before; I had given them every chance to be read by me and they had failed—out they went! I faithfully answered year-old mail. Bills of all ages I paid. But still there remained masses of material which I did not want to throw out, but didn't quite know what to do with. This I set about stacking in compact piles of uniform size and shape and vaguely homogeneous content: articles on China in one pile, canceled checks in another, road maps in a third. The trouble was, most of the stuff didn't really belong in *any* of the piles. I guess that's why it was lying around.

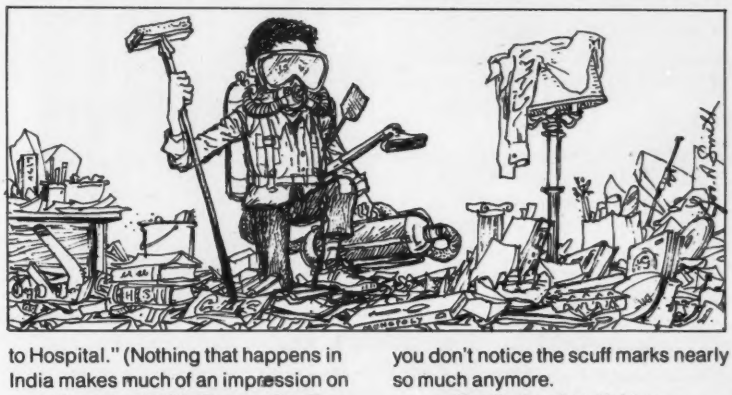
What we think of as "dirt" is "a kind of omnibus compendium which includes all the rejected elements of ordered systems," Mary Douglas wrote in *Purity and Danger.* "Dirt is essentially disorder."

I'll say. But how am I supposed to maintain order in a disordered world? By perceiving the true meaning of all things, of course, and revealing their underlying unity. That's my job. But I've got bales of clippings that I couldn't deal with: "1976 Marks Tricentennial of the Discovery of Sperm." "$5.7 Billion Safeguard Anti-Ballistic-Missile System Abandoned." "A Boy, 15, Kills Tiger with Ax, Carries Mauled Man 10 Miles to Hospital." (Nothing that happens in India makes much of an impression on me.) "Landmark 19th Century Bar Torn Down to Make Way for Imitation 19th Century Bar." "Quemoy and Matsu Islanders Hit and Killed by Non-explosive Chinese Artillery Shells Filled with Quotations from Chairman Mao." "30.5% of *New Times* readers drink tequila." "Pentagon Raises Atom Toll Count—The Pentagon now estimates that 3.5 million to 22 million people would be killed in a Soviet attack against U.S. missile bases. Previously, the Pentagon had estimated that fatalities would range from 800,000 to three million."

What can these stories mean? I filed them all under "Modern Living."

Letters I put with other letters. They are my personal archaeology, and saving them entails some vague hope that I in the future digging will strike them and save my present self from extinction.

Once the decks were cleared, I was ready to tackle particulate matter. First, I went over everything with a vacuum cleaner. Vroom! Vreee! The voracious machine tore through the apartment like a rogue elephant. It had consumed at least a pound of lint and pennies and was screaming for more when I turned it off in favor of the sponge-mop. I'm not sure I understand what the purpose of this latter device is, since the water turns pitch black after the first couple of immersions, but I dutifully applied a coat of the ever-thickening solution to the whole floor. It did create a certain uniformity; you don't notice the scuff marks nearly so much anymore.



Finally, I anti-static'd my records, polished my plants' leaves, dumped baking soda down all my drains, dusted the light bulbs, Windexed the toaster and balanced my checkbook.

Cleaning up is terrific. I really must do it again some time. It's had a most salutary effect on my self-concept. Now my apartment says something to a visitor. It says, here is the abode of a *person.* A human intelligence has been at work here. You see no skis in the kitchen. You see no laundry on the dining table. You see no dishes in the bed.

Just don't look in the closets. ●

Money talks

Fulminations

By Larry L. King

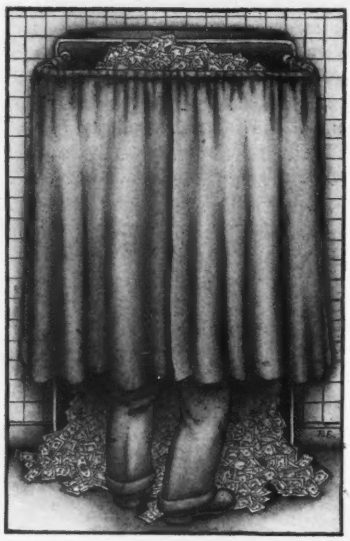
Both sides originally tossed their bonnets in the air and claimed victory following the Supreme Court decision on the Campaign Finance Law; pundits called it a mixed bag ruling, one not as disastrous as it might have been. As the decision sinks in, however, liberals rightly sense that the high court performed a certain mischief, while conservatives find themselves increasingly comfortable with the decree.

The high court poked holes in a basically good law, one drawn with the notion of preventing fat cats from buying elections. Only four years ago Richard Milhouse Terrible raised a whopping $30 million from 400 sources apparently willing to permit him to stomp the Constitution so long as he supplied their special, narrow needs. Twenty-two individuals and 18 corporations have been successfully prosecuted; the Securities and Exchange Commission has sued nine other corporations for maintaining illegal political slush funds. Now that the gate is again ajar, we may be certain the fox once more will be tempted by the henhouse.

The court ruled, in effect, that money is entitled to the same First Amendment guarantees as free speech, thus affirming an old American adage: "Money talks." Those of us without it, of course, will once again speak in softer voices than those who have it. It was not enough for the Burger court, apparently, that fat cats enjoy daily edges over have-nots in tax breaks, table meats and such fringe benefits as entertaining the silkier mistresses. Now the material advantages of such fat bastards have been officially extended to the polling place. The poor "may vote with their feet"—as Ronnie Boy Reagan blurted of welfare recipients free to leave states too stingy or uncaring to assist their basic human needs; the well-heeled now have it on the highest authority that they may vote with their pocketbooks.

Make no mistake: The clubby fat boys are pounding one another in high glee at the prospect of unlimited spending in House and Senate races. If you don't believe the United States Congress is, and has been, the special handmaiden of the wealthy, then you don't read the tax laws. I paid, and probably you paid, more taxes last year than many corporations and some Rockefellers. Do you so believe in fairies that you think this came about by accident? No, fellow suckers and fools, it happened because a high percentage of congressmen long have been available to the highest bidder.

Burger & Company have spoken clearly to the souls of thieves.

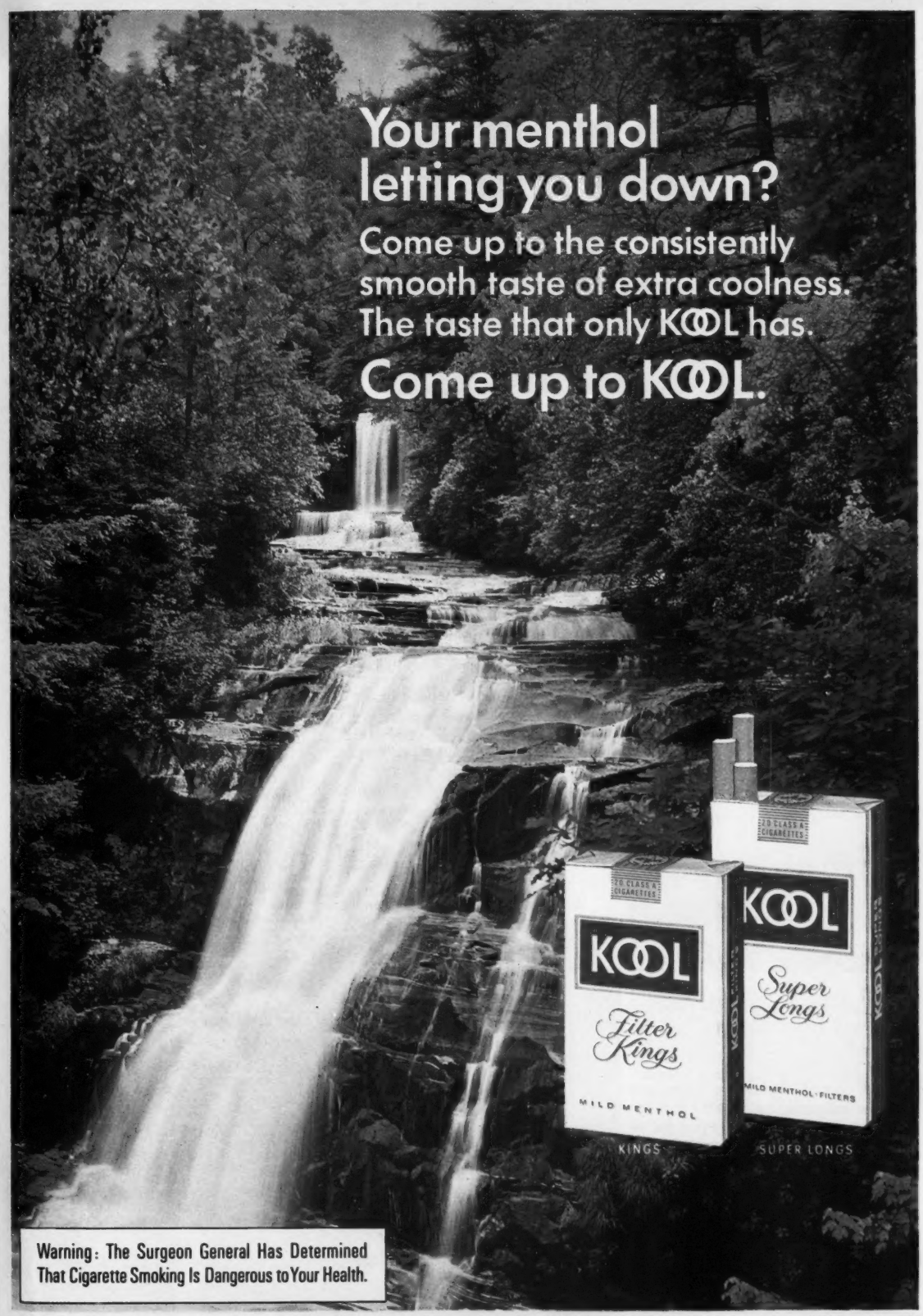


You may bet your sweet bippy that you again will be goosed at tax time next year, the year after that and until the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The long parade of bankers, doctors, lawyers and corporate poobahs who use their toy farms and other obvious tax shelters to avoid the slightest social responsibility shall continue unabated, while their captive congressmen march ahead piping merry tunes. You, and I, shall pay for their alleged depreciations, their so-called business lunches, their vacation homes and playthings.

In addition to assuring the perpetuation of the most reactionary congressional elements by removing campaign spending ceilings, the court emasculated the Federal Election Commission, which had been established to interpret and enforce the Campaign Finance Law through criminal sanctions and the machinery of the civil courts. Congress was granted but 30 days to overhaul and revise the commission before it reverts to mere housekeeping status. Given the natural rhythms and interests of Congress, that's about as likely as a July blizzard in Fort Lauderdale or a poor people's rally in Palm Beach. Ohio Congressman Wayne Hays, a powerful critic of the Election Commission and among the worst practitioners of the old politics, has slyly asked whether Congress has ever been able to do *anything* within 30 days; he then supplied an oblique answer by introducing a bill to abolish the watch-dog group.

Probably the court's decision will not vitally shape the current Presidential race; candidates accepting federal money remain subject to certain spending limitations even though the super rich may, if using private money "made independently of a candidate's committee or without consultation," go on unchecked spending sprees. Since all major Presidential candidates already have accepted federal funds, and since only a short time remains before the key primaries and the mid-summer nominating conventions, a temporary protective shield is provided. In the future, however, Presidential candidates willing to accept the yokes of the well-heeled may reject the democratic limitations of the Campaign Finance Law. "The court has settled this issue for decades to come," one of the fat boys crowed. I'm afraid so.

The night before the decision was announced, Democratic candidate Mo Udall—one of the authors of the now-punctured law—was asked his expectations. "It really seems to me society has the *right* to limit campaign spending," he said. "What this law is all about is reducing corruption in politics. I just don't want to believe our highest court would rule against that." Hell, Mo, don't you know that money talks? ●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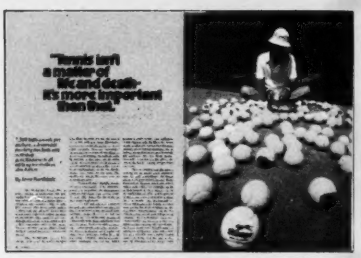

to reveal the link between the CIA and the Mafia. We were the first to go underground and interview that protean fugitive, Abbie Hoffman. (Among those who wondered how we found him—the FBI.)

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Forever.

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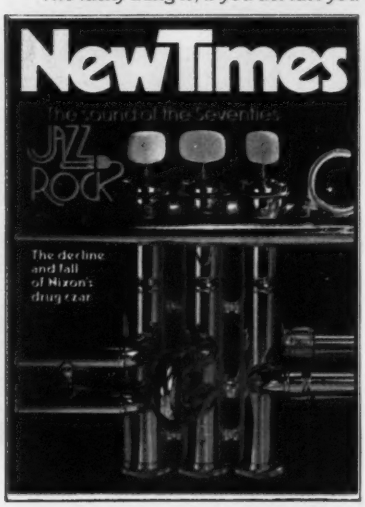

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Naming names: The CIA's men in charge of Angola

The Ruling Class

By Robert Scheer

The assassination of Athens CIA station chief Richard Welch the day after he was identified in a Greek newspaper has made the Western press very reticent about publishing the names of CIA agents, and indeed has taken much of the wind out of investigations of the CIA's abuses. While it is understandable that the press does not want to precipitate vendettas against individuals who are carrying out policies they did not formulate, this new self-censorship begs the question: Is it not necessary on occasion to expose the identities of agents when their activities are suspect and worthy of public scrutiny? I believe it is—particularly in the case of Angola. And in the attempt to illuminate the myriad CIA activities in that country, I have decided to print the names of three CIA agents most instrumental in the field decisions of the Angolan war.

The most controversial aspect of the Angolan war concerns the entry of South African troops. There is some evidence to indicate that the U.S. CIA was behind this South African entry. The one person who would know if that is true or not is the man who was CIA station chief in South Africa when the decision was made, Francis Jeton. Journalists and congresspeople ought to be asking him some pretty tough questions about what the hell he has been up to.

I learned Jeton's identity from a news release of InterNews, an extremely useful and sober leftist news-monitoring group based in Berkeley, California. Steve Weissman, the InterNews correspondent in London, filed a report on January 28 of this year that one of the leading South African newspapers, the *Rand Daily Mail*, would on the following day reveal the names of past and present CIA officials stationed in South Africa. The *Daily Mail* never ran its story, probably for fear of prosecution under South Africa's very stringent Official Secrets Act. But Weissman named Jeton and went on to report that he had recently been moved to the CIA's Paris station, which is now the planning center for attempts to ally the French, South Africans and the CIA in a new arms deal for Angola. This end-run was made necessary by the fact that the American Congress had voted to cut off direct aid. It is a highly questionable practice to have a U.S. secret agent working for a policy objective that the U.S. Congress has specifically rejected. Jeton ought to be held accountable by Congress, which might also want to question Drowin Wilson, who, according to InterNews is Jeton's replacement in South Africa.

These gentlemen seem to have been central to the Angolan operation, and it would be therefore useful to query them about current efforts of the CIA to recruit foreign nationals to fight in Angola, an activity that seems to contradict the expressed intent of Congress. Evidence of such recruiting has cropped up recently in the British press. On February 1, Reuters reported that "the conservative Sunday Telegraph said more than twenty million dollars was being supplied by the CIA to recruit British mercenaries to fight on the side of the pro-Western factions in Angola." Reuters also quoted the head of one such mercenary recruitment outfit, who identified an American military attaché, Major James Leonard, as a liaison officer who funneled some American money for the recruitment of the mercenaries.

White House Press Secretary Ron Nessen promptly denied the English reports but conceded that "a limited amount of money is going to countries which support our goals in Angola," and then added, "We do not know to the last penny how it is being spent."

It is clear that if Congress wants to find out what's going on, it must interview people below the level of Nessen and newly appointed CIA Director George Bush. Major Leonard, Francis Jeton and Drowin Wilson would be good people to start with.

Another important point of contention in the Angolan episode is whether the active U.S. involvement came before or after that of the Russians. It is therefore interesting that InterNews and Weissman, in another dispatch from London, have identified the build-up of a major U.S. CIA team in Zaire, a country deeply involved in support for the American-backed forces in Angola. This build-up occurred in November 1974, which comes before the March-April 1975 date commonly used for the start of the Soviet Angolan escalation. Weissman relied on information provided by former CIA agent Phillip Agee to identify at least 18 CIA agents in the Zaire team. Ten of the 18 are assigned to handle top-secret telecommunications. Additionally, there are six "case officers" and two secretaries working under cover in the political section of the American embassy. The substance of Weissman's report is printed here for the first time.

According to Weissman and Agee, the team is headed by Stuart E. Methvin, who was formerly active in Laos and Indonesia, two countries that have had their share of CIA meddling. Methvin and the members of his team must know a good deal about many of the murkier aspects of U.S. involvement in Angola, and if that country is not to become another Vietnam, it is best that a congressional investigation begin sooner rather than later.

In the event that Mr. Methvin proves uncooperative, a congressional committee should talk to the other members of his team, and, in the hopes of aiding such an investigation, I would be happy to provide upon request the names of the other 17 agents working for the CIA in Zaire, as supplied by Mr. Agee. Again, these are all men and women known to various political factions in Angola and elsewhere in Africa. Their identity, as usual, is secret only to the people in this country who should be questioning them—the members of the press and Congress. Indeed, it is my view that these names should also be printed in this column, but unfortunately the editor and publisher felt otherwise. ●

George Wallace's boost for big government
A proposal for a three-Beatle concert

EDITED BY TONY SCHWARTZ

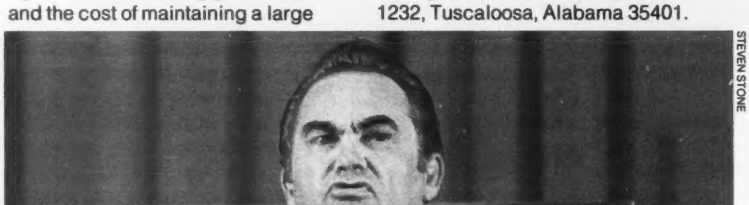
The Insider

Politics

Sending Wallace a message

"On almost every front George Wallace has failed to lead us to significant advancement," concludes a comprehensive critical study of the former governor's record in his home state. "The Alabama Message" was compiled largely by law students at the University of Alabama, who took Wallace at his word and investigated his achievements in the areas with which he is most closely identified. For example, Wallace regularly rails against the evils of big government and the cost of maintaining a large bureaucracy. However, during the Wallace gubernatorial era in Alabama (1963–1974, for the purposes of this study), the state budget increased at a rate double that of the federal government. Meanwhile, the Alabama state debt tripled—a rate quadruple that of federal indebtedness. Wallace has also come down on bureaucrats, but during his reign, the researchers found, their numbers in Alabama increased by 113.3 percent, a rate more than five times the federal increase.

The 36-page report, which goes on to analyze the Wallace record in such areas as crime, tax structure and labor practices, is available for $.75 by writing to: Alabama Message, PO Box 1232, Tuscaloosa, Alabama 35401.



STEVEN STONE

Wallace: watch what he does. . .

Bombing out

Days after the 1970 antiwar bombing of the University of Wisconsin math center that left one man dead, the FBI launched a massive search for four suspects, who were named to the most wanted list. To the bureau's embarrassment, until recently only one of the four fugitives, Karleton Armstrong, had been captured. He threw himself on the mercy of the court but received a 23-year prison sentence in 1973.

Then, in December, the FBI announced the seizure of 23-year-old David Fine in California, where he had been attending junior college under an assumed name. Fine was returned to Madison, where he's free on bond pending trial.

What the FBI isn't crowing about is how California law enforcement officials let a third suspect slip through their hands. Dwight Armstrong, Karleton's brother, was using the pseudonym Douglas Hardy when he was arrested in San Diego in January for stealing some cheese. He was sentenced to 30 days in jail, but officials let Dwight/Hardy go free after a few days because the jail was overcrowded. Only weeks later did the FBI discover, through a routine fingerprint check, that Armstrong had been right under their noses.

Taking liberties with Reagan

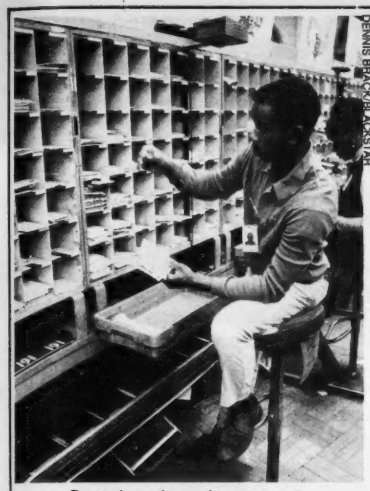
Ronald Reagan is facing strong opposition to his candidacy from a group in sympathy with many of his announced views. Libertarians, like Reagan, are firm defenders of free enterprise, advocate rolling back big government spending and seek to end government regulation of industry. But, writing in *The Libertarian Forum,* editor Murray Rothbard called Reagan "a grave danger and a menace to the individual." The piece described Reagan's devotion to free market policy as "all rhetoric and no action" and launched especially into the candidate's foreign policy views. "War has been the great killer of human liberty," wrote Rothbard, who is also a leading libertarian spokesman. "Reagan would not only bring war far closer but would rivet much further the yoke of militarism upon the lives . . . of all of us."

Write-on

Some months ago, *New Times* paid tribute to a dying art, the personal letter—a victim of, among other things, the telephone's unbeatable convenience and the instant gratification it provides. In the wake of recent rate hikes, the U.S. Postal Service is more concerned than ever, and for good reason: Even pre-increase Christmas mail ran more than 9 percent below the comparable period for 1974; consider what might happen if, as Postmaster General Benjamin Bailar has warned Congress, the rate for a first-class stamp reaches 23 cents by 1980.

But the folks at the Postal Service aren't ready to roll over yet. Inspired, perhaps, by Ma Bell's catchy ad campaign, the USPS has just completed its own test-marketing campaign in Atlanta, Minneapolis-St. Paul and Columbus, Ohio. The telephone may be the next best thing to being there, but letters, the postal pitch goes, are more personal.

The campaign reportedly



DENNIS BRACK/BLACKSTAR

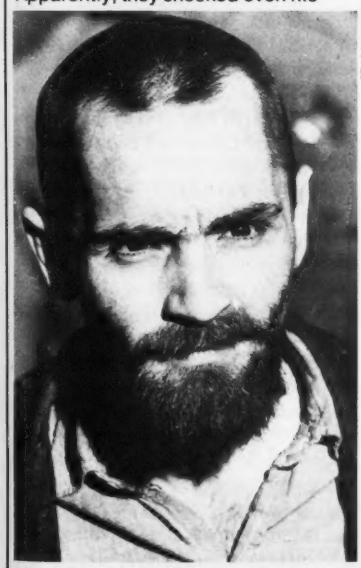
Postal workers: less to sort

produced a slight increase in mail originating from the three target cities. The results will be used as a justification for proposing an increase in the USPS ad budget to a reluctant Congress.

The Word

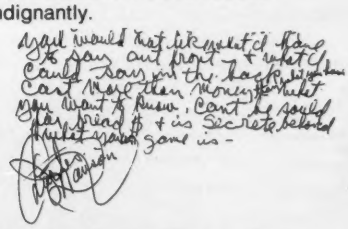
Don't do the hustle

There are some things even Charles Manson won't do. A couple of months ago, *Hustler* magazine publisher Larry Flynt (*NT:* Jan. 9) wrote the convicted murderer in prison requesting an interview. Manson replied that he'd be happy to talk and asked to see a couple of copies of *Hustler*. Apparently, they shocked even his rather hardened sensibility. Manson, in whose signature a swastika can be detected (see letter below), wrote *Hustler* a second letter rescinding his original offer. "I don't like your book. Money won't change that," he began. "Maybe I got bad copies, but anyway I will not do anything along the lines of what you are doing." In fact, after years in prison, the newly prudish Manson seems to have fallen out of touch with these permissive times: "I didn't even know books like yours were permitted over the counter," he concluded indignantly.



WIDE WORLD

Manson: turned off by flesh



Mr. Warren's profession

How long could the major studios be expected to stand in the wings while the Gerard Damianos of the world reaped in millions from hard-core films? The answer, apparently, is only as long as it took porno to move toward its current uptown respectability.

Paramount's upcoming *First Love* will have sex as its focus but will only simulate intercourse. Not so the hush-hush Warner Bros. project entitled *Hard Core*, which will be just that. Warren Beatty has accepted the lead role originally offered to Paul Newman. Beatty, who himself turned down the starring role in *First Love*, will play (but not "perform" as) a father who discovers, while sitting in a porno theater, that the woman on the screen in front of him is his daughter. The film revolves around his search for her in the L.A. porno underground. No director has yet been chosen, but Bob Towne, who collaborated with Beatty on the screenplay for *Shampoo*, is currently working on a rewrite of the original *Hard Core* script.

Beatles: one more time

Rumors of imminent Beatle reunions are as predictable as ones that Jackie O. has fallen in love again—and about as credible. Only a few weeks back, perennial promoter Bill Sargent offered the four Beatles a $30 million deal to get back together and perform on closed-circuit TV. So far there's been no bite. More promising is the unpublicized proposal by three of the Beatles—John, George and Ringo—to do a one-time-only concert along with Harry Nilsson. The four are reportedly asking $2 million from a record label to arrange a combined concert-live album deal. Warner Bros. and Columbia are believed to be the leading contenders; keep your fingers crossed.

Mind & Body

Looking good

Just how much has the women's movement debunked stereotypes about the sexes? Take, for instance, the old axiom that the more attractive the woman, the dumber she's likely to be. In Los Angeles, a psychiatrist has found that the stereotype seems to have been turned on its head. Dr. Merrill Sarty conducted an attitude survey and found that a majority of respondents believe pretty women are smarter and more liberated than plain ones. The survey, in which randomly selected people answered questionnaires and viewed photographs, also turned up a consensus that attractive women are more interested in men, have sex more often and enjoy it more than ordinary looking women.

BLACK STAR

What hath the women's movement wrought?

Which brings us to a second, much pondered question about the women's movement: Has it made females generally more sexually aggressive? Knowing that many married couples turn to their physicians for sex counseling, a University of Michigan psychiatrist decided to randomly survey 25 longtime GPs in the Ann Arbor-Detroit area. Who, he wondered, most often expresses concern these days about low frequency of intercourse?

The physicians reported that while it used to be the husbands (and some of course still do), wives are now significantly more likely to complain. "Women always wanted more affection in marriage," the psychiatrist commented. "What is new is wanting more intercourse." Or at least the admission is new.

Fat and contented

Given Western culture's obsession with slimness, the last thing one would think to prescribe for mental health is obesity. Nonetheless, a London psychiatrist has found that although fat people have a higher propensity for diabetes, high blood pressure and gallstones, they are also strikingly less anxious and depressed than the general population.

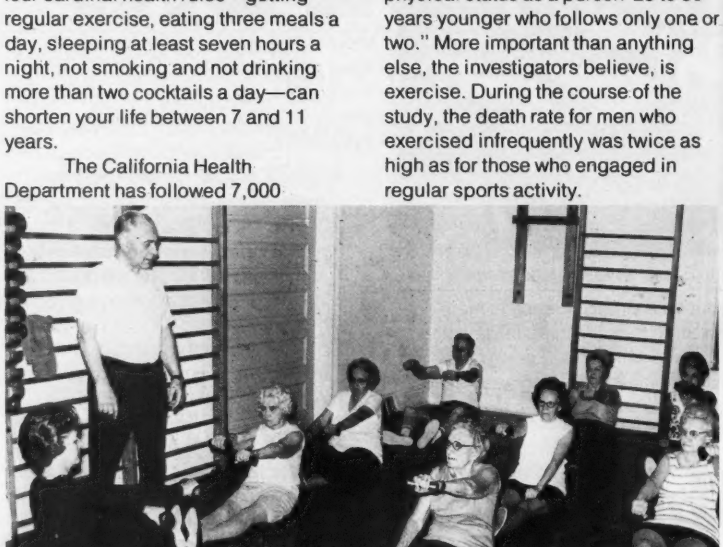
A.H. Crisp, a professor at a London medical school, gave a standard psychological screening exam to a representative sample of 739 middle-aged men and women, 35 of them obese (40 percent over normal weight). The corpulent scored nearly 40 percent lower on the anxiety and depression scales than the normal subjects. Not one fat woman scored high on the anxiety scale, while 21 percent of the average women did.

At a loss to explain the results, the psychiatrist could only reiterate the common speculations that overeating may be a consoling habit or that fat people may have a superior ability to deny their problems.

Exercising all

An ongoing California study has found that deviating from four cardinal health rules—getting regular exercise, eating three meals a day, sleeping at least seven hours a night, not smoking and not drinking more than two cocktails a day—can shorten your life between 7 and 11 years.

The California Health Department has followed 7,000 Oakland residents since 1965. One of the researchers sums up the results so far this way. "The daily habits of people have a lot more to do with what makes them sick and when they die than do all the offsetting influences of medicine. A man at age 55 who follows all good health habits has the same physical status as a person 25 to 30 years younger who follows only one or two." More important than anything else, the investigators believe, is exercise. During the course of the study, the death rate for men who exercised infrequently was twice as high as for those who engaged in regular sports activity.



UPI

Exercise for the elderly in West Virginia: simple rules for long life

Seventies

Playing gay

As in "Monopoly," players throw dice, move around the outside of a board, pass "go" and land in jail. But rather than buying real estate, they collect points in the categories of consciousness, contentment and compensation. "Game of Lesbian," invented by a San Francisco ad executive, rewards players for taking such "fantasy paths" as coming out, learning self-defense, starting a women's farm and becoming a revolutionary. The revolutionary path might entail killing a rapist (6 contentment points), causing a lesbian to be treated well through your efforts (6 consciousness points) or teaching a woman to milk a cow (2 contentment points).

The originator of the game is a 36-year-old mother of three (she prefers to remain anonymous) who discovered her gayness four years ago. "Gay women have nothing especially for them. We can only read so many books and go to so many meetings," she explains. "Everything in the game is based on my own experience or that of my friends."

So successful has "Game of Lesbian" become that its originator recently formed her own company to market it and two new games she has in the works. "Gay Life" will be for gay men and women; "Out of the Closet," just for gay men. So far only "Game of Lesbian" is available; profits from its $6.50 purchase price will go to the gay women's community. Mass-market distribution is unlikely, but "Game of Lesbian" is available from Alternative Life Games, 2300 Bohen, Napa, California 94558.

Post Scripts

Stretching the Cord (*NT:* Jan. 13, 1976)

Score another point for consummate chutzpah. With no small sense of awe, we reported last month that Spiro Pavlovich III, alias Jason Scott Cord, had twice hoaxed his way into Harvard's law-business program by using falsified transcripts. Now we learn that his wife—or someone laying claim to that identity—pulled exactly the same paper con game on Harvard.

Monetta Caulfield Pavlovich allegedly applied to Harvard Business School and for federal loans under her alias, Carey Monica Cabot. She was admitted to Harvard last fall, but the unearthing of her husband's pose seems to have proved her undoing as well. "After the Pavlovich thing, we got a call back from Harvard," explained a University of New Orleans registrar. "They inquired about a Carey Monica Cabot, who we had on file as having attended less than a year, while the Harvard file showed the dates of her attendance quite differently."

On January 13, a federal warrant for the arrest of Ms. Pavlovich was issued, and a short time later she surrendered to the U.S. magistrate in her hometown of New Orleans. Although the charge of making false statements in applying for federal loans is the same as her husband's, Ms. Pavlovich is said to have sought considerably less money.

Special Report

There's a new New Left

By Bo Burlingham

On Friday afternoon, January 30, the organizers of the National Hard Times Conference were scurrying about the Chicago Circle Campus of the University of Illinois making final arrangements for the meeting that was to begin that evening. They had reserved a room that could seat 1,500, although the most optimistic of them expected no more than 1,200 people to show up. The idea for the conference had originated with a tiny group called the Prairie Fire Organizing Committee, which was founded in 1974 to distribute the ideological statement of the Weather Underground Organization. By the time the call was formally issued last fall, the conference had an impressive list of sponsors, including the American Indian Movement, the Puerto Rican Socialist Party, the Black Panther Party and the United Black Workers. They hoped, according to the announcement, to "build the unity necessary to give the depression back to the bosses . . . [by] focusing on those issues that most affect us all: jobs, prices and community services. . . ."

By 10:00 o'clock that Friday evening, the organizers realized they had gravely miscalculated. The hall was filled to capacity, and people were sitting in the aisles and lining the walls. Meanwhile, no less than eight FM radio stations were broadcasting the event live to West Coast and Midwestern cities. By the time registration closed on Saturday, over 2,200 people had paid $3 each to attend the conference, and many more were participating without registering.

This population explosion is becoming a common occurrence at gatherings of the Left. Last summer, for example, a group of socialist-feminists organized a conference in Yellow Springs, Ohio. They hoped for 800 delegates. Sixteen hundred women showed up. A meeting in Madison, Wisconsin, drew over 200 radicals involved in electoral politics, most of them public officials. Last December, the October League—a Marxist-Leninist spinoff of SDS—joined with the Congress of Afrikan People of Imaru Baraka (LeRoi Jones) to launch a new organization called FIGHT BACK. Thirteen hundred people attended the founding convention in Chicago. The same weekend as the Hard Times Conference, 600 people took part in a meeting of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee in Washington, D.C. Organizers had expected 300 or 400 participants.

Far from resting in peace, the specter that haunted America in the late 1960s is rising again, and it appears more palpable than ever. New Left historian Kirkpatrick Sale estimates that there are 2.5 million erstwhile activists who still consider themselves radicals, though few of them are part of a national organization. Thousands more have cast in their lot during the past three years, many of them joining community organizations and labor groups that, while not explicitly "of the Left," harken to the same trumpet as the more orthodox radical formations:

- In Arkansas, a group called ACORN (Arkansas Community Organizations for Reform Now) has 5,000 dues-paying members—most of them poor and middle-income whites and blacks. Organized by neighborhood, ACORN has initiated legislation to aid the elderly, fought urban decay and waged a battle to reduce utility rates. It is the prize pick of a bumper crop of community organizations that has sprung up all over the country since 1970.
- In New York, more than 15,000 tenants at the huge Co-op City housing project have been on a rent strike for seven months, despite fines of $1 million against the leaders and threats of mass evictions.
- In Madison, Wisconsin, radical mayor Paul Soglin won reelection last spring in a landslide. A radical was also elected mayor of Austin, Texas, and the Berkeley, California, candidate lost narrowly.
- In Gary, Indiana, a radical steel worker named Ed Sadlowski serves as director of the largest district in the United Steel Workers of America. His racially integrated grassroots organization, Steel Workers Fight Back, includes radicals ousted from the union during the McCarthy witchhunts. In 1977, he is expected to run for the presidency of the AFL-CIO's largest international.
- In New Bedford, Massachusetts, a revolutionary collective distributes 43,000 copies of their monthly newspaper, *For The People*, which reports news from the shops and the unemployment lines.
- In Boston, New York, Cleveland, Chicago and San Francisco, militant organizations of clerical workers have formed, led by women who were active in the radical movements of the 1960s. Chicago's Women Employed, for example, has 1,000 members among the 100,000 secretaries who work in the Loop.

Until now these local efforts—and hundreds more like them—have lacked a national focus. The Hard Times Conference sought to remedy the situation. No one is quite sure whether it succeeded. At its best, the conference provided a setting for serious organizers to swap experiences and establish networks. But it also attracted a swarm of sects that buzzed around like flies on a jar of honey. On Sunday, the whole shebang threatened to self-destruct in an orgy of criticism/self-criticism, and would have, except for the insistence of the Latino groups (led by the Puerto Rican Socialist Party) that the conference take up the matter of demonstrations. The assembly then voted to support two national actions, the first in Philadelphia on July 4, the second in an unspecified city on November 1.

It is by no means clear how successful these demonstrations will be. And if the Hard Times strategy turns out to be a blind alley, it will not be the first one American leftists have entered. To work for radical change in the United States is to search for a black cat in a dark room. In recent years, the room has seemed awfully dark, the cat particularly elusive. A frustrating task in any event, it has been rendered all the more difficult by people who run around shouting "I've got it! I've got it!" Under the circumstances, the wonder is not that the searchers have yet to find the cat, but rather that so many of them are still looking. ●

IN SEARCH OF A HERO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE COOPER

BY MARSHALL FRADY

It is, of course, the most staggering of presumptions—casting oneself for the part of President of the United States. Of all mortal enterprises on this earth now, there is probably no venture involving quite its ponderous measure of vanity, bravado, obsession, avidity: It's the nearest thing we have to hubris in this prosaic age. Accordingly, it is always an awesome moment in the life of any strong and ambitious man when at last he commits himself to that ultimate self-assertion, makes that final move to realize himself on such a scale.

And it has begun for most of them this time, as usual, in the thin, bright sun and dull, inky twilight drizzles of that far cranny of New Hampshire—a tiny, insular, intimate countryside of weather vanes and stone fences and small, black, secret ponds like pools of graphite, surrounded by dark cedars and hemlocks, beside which one can fancy beleaguered Yankee farmers striking contracts with the Devil after cold, red sundowns. For long months now, here among the crisp, white Norman Rockwell villages and sooty, weary little tintype cities along the coast, they have been milling and tracking to and fro toward primary of February 24, the first small ment of real popular truth for their paigns.

Udall, at it for over a year now tall scaffolding of his shoulders begi to sag a bit and his smile gone slightly and askew; Carter, with the quiet, am unobtrusive diligence and patience mole, haunting factory gates and corners like a solitary sidewalk missi with his handful of pamphlets neighborly inextinguishable grin; H dark and squat and untidy, calli through the tattering leaves and dusti snow like some improbable populist

DEMOCRATS

evangelist: Bayh, most recently unhatched, dewy and bright-eyed and brisk as an imperishable college cheerleader. An unnatural passion it seems, indeed, that keeps propelling them into all those obscure little glum auditoriums with metal folding chairs under wan, dingy lights, that lusts to spend itself among so much drab beaverboard and chewing-gum-grey tile floors, plastic mustard curtains and Styrofoam cups.

But for a certain order of strong and proud men in this country, there is only one thing to be in the United States, and that's President of it. This society was conceived above all else as a political community, out of a political vision and transport, and it remains a political society probably more than any other on earth. No other enterprise, no other American mystique—whether Hollywood or business or sports—can really challenge politics as the definitive national mythology of power and glory. All anticipations of personal greatness first are in that direction: No neighborhood or schoolyard of Inner America turns up an exceptional youth—an eager and exultant Icarus among his peers, charged with an extra fierce vitality, with a remote and self-contained air of rapt self-communion—who is not instantly, to his family and his neighbors and his teachers and finally to himself, a potential President. In the late Scotch-ethered hours one night in a stale, subterranean Holiday Inn lounge called *The Long Shot* somewhere on the far-flung outskirts of Miami, one of Carter's aides was asked when he first detected signs that Carter was entertaining such national hankerings, and he confessed, "Well, I mentioned it to him once about midway through his term as governor. I was a little embarrassed to even suggest it, but I noticed that it didn't surprise him at all. You can be damn sure, it's almost a law of nature, that if anybody else ever mentions the possibility to a guy, he's already thought of it himself long before." And decades later, even after all the others

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have forgotten, it lingers, the private, solitary, sunset *tristesse* of unnumbered men in chairmen's offices, university executive suites and publishers' penthouses across the face of the land: that it somehow never happened, they never made it. Egos once regarded as inevitable, seemingly big and furious and canny and redoubtable enough to make it all the way up the churning salmon-run of national power, they have somehow wound up, after the brief, brilliant magnesium-flare of their beginning, strayed and stranded in a long, vague, declining afternoon with their Promethean will and energies left finally unanswered, aborted.

It's a kind of urgency that, more ferociously than nature, abhors a vacuum, which may be one reason why, in the blankness left after 1972's disaster, there has now transpired such a rampant overpopulation of the Democratic field. They have continued to multiply almost overnight like mice, in some political Malthusian phenomenon. It's as if the more who enter, the more possible it seems to others, the more other appetites are engendered and enlarged even while, with each new entry, the possibilities for all of them are impoverished by a fraction. Whenever yet another candidate materializes among them, it seems to touch off a general, dim pang of dread among them all, a high, fine nervousness. After Bayh bounded into it, there were immediate mutterings of alarm among the others about his effects; it was an event that instantly and necessarily profoundly disarrayed all their intricate equations. But then Bayh himself was soon privately grumping about yet another impending prospect, Church—"I wonder how strong he might be coming off those hearings. Group out there in California has just completely turned his head about this thing, I'm afraid." It's become like a dull, collective uneasiness now that their sheer increasing profusion diminishes them all until, at some point, they will consume and cannibalize one another altogether.

That resistless vacuum among the Democrats has been only giddily magnified now by the emerging possibility that Ford, at least by the time of the Florida primary, will have become no more than a perfunctory transitional figure in the history of the Presidency. It could *all* be wide open.

The truth is, we are come to an elusively unsettling pass in our experience, almost like a kind of coma. We are a nation that began stray-born as a waif and foundling of history, and, though ours is now the second-oldest government on the planet, we have never yet concluded who we are and what we are really for. It's as if an unspoken schizophrenia has been running through our nature from our very inception, like some secret warfare in the national soul—one impulse being that wintry, constricted, authoritarian ethic of probity and order and asperity from Plymouth's flinty theocracy; and the other, more obscure but perhaps more elemental in our character, being that headlong, rowdy, yawping exuberance of the frontier, a readiness for adventure not all that unacquainted with the exhilarations of anarchy, a gusty-hearted eagerness for the far, unknown, windy margins of life that is most tellingly inferred from our poets and lyricists like Whitman, Twain, Thomas Wolfe, Kerouac. All of our history—from Salem through Shays' Rebellion to the Wobblies, from Sacco and Vanzetti through the McCarthy hearings to Vietnam and the street melees of the Sixties and even Watergate—could be read as a playing out of that furious duality and ambivalence in our psyche, a continuous struggle with the primal mystery of who we actually are, our true identity, our image.

Candidates have continued to multiply almost overnight like mice, in some political Malthusian phenomenon, until their sheer increasing profusion diminishes them all

But after passing through the epic national dramas of the last two decades, we seem suddenly to have emptied out into a limbo, some vague, brackish, drab flatland in our history. It was not uncommonly assumed that Watergate would actually prove a kind of American political pentacost, a serendipitous blessing, a catharsis ranging beyond the immediate particulars of the case to redeem and renew our covenant with our beginning and our knowledge of our nature. And indeed, Watergate did loose a season of judgment over America's political estate almost Biblical in its wholesale, ransacking balefulness, the avenging angel's sword whistling right and left in a scourge of both the present and recent past, governors, congressmen, senators smote and toppling everywhere. But at the same time, it seems to have left the country itself hung in some dull, bleary lassitude of spirit. Lurching out of all this, we have struck on monotone and middling times, vacant of any great angers or passions or belief, made up of vague and meager presences, vague and meager matters having to do with little more than maintenance problems in the system. The general citizenry, one somehow senses, has lapsed into a massive ennui. The electorate has become politically autistic. It may simply be that we have entered one of those transitional in-between hiatuses in history. But it is a muzzy, distracted, inconclusive weather in which it's hard for any single figure to emerge and take on dramatic definition and dimension—a circumstance, actually, which most of the current applicants for the Presidency find not all that dismaying. Carter, for one, submits, "To deal with individual human needs at the small everyday level can actually be noble sometimes." But it is also a peculiarly uncertain and dangerous moment in the life of the Republic.

It is a pervasive malaise that lingers on discreetly like a progressive etherizing of the nerves of life of the country, not only in the expositions of Ford and his curiously humanoid secretaries with names like Zarb on energy and the economy and transactions abroad, but in hymns about "helping to build America" from the savings and loans establishment—"We're working to keep your trust. . . . Exxon wants you to know"— and pious little pastoral idylls about calendar-picture villages and green meadows and peaceful drifts of fish among offshore oil derricks from none other than the calluses of earthly defilement (George Orwell did not so much write the manual for our age as did Lewis Carroll), a lunatic inflation of passions over laundry bleach and deodorant soap and margarine and toilet tissue.

The most ominous and malign of all the divides in America now is that deepening rupture between language and reality. And through all the nice, allusive,

inferential dissemblings, the bland little flimflams of altruism from oil companies and power conglomerates, through all the dapper, nimble patter, there yet blows some final, thin, dead chill from the black outerspace nothingness that is the primal source of all evil: the nihilistic Void. Because evil is finally neuter. It is cut off from all true passion and experience, save perhaps the small, cold fever of self-interest. It is, actually, the advance of emptiness, an advance that, like cancer, usually has the appearance of a booming, avid, hectic vitality. Nowhere, in all those bustling vigors and elaborate electronics and softly spooling tapes and strenuous respectabilities of the Nixon White House, was there one good, lusty, medieval conscience with a lively sense of good and evil, familiar with the fine, old, burly dread of brimstone. The evil in that case was not even aware of its malignancy. All it was aware of was efficiency, methodology. In that, it presented an epiphany of the new mien and form of evil in our age. Nixon himself, in his soul, amounted to only the ultimate technician—consummate technician of law, of argument and exhortation, most of all a technician of appearances: the master Modred of all technicians. Faulkner once averred, during the Cold War of the Fifties, that there no longer seemed any problems and struggles of the human spirit: There was only the question, When will I be blown up? If that drab angst has waned since then, still less are there any true travails of spirit for this generation of political and moral technicians: There is only the question, Will it work, and how will it look? Indeed, as Jacques Ellul has grimly suggested, the whole world of nature in which we so long strived has already been replaced altogether by technology. Technique, not only materially but experientially, has become the sole *why* of what we do.

One still knows, with one's blood and brine, that all this should be met with fury, instance by instance. But it cannot be engaged—one meets instead with impalpability. It is a kind of disembodied vandalism against us. So that one is finally left, after so many existential short-circuitings of rage and repudiation, gradually singed-out. It is thus that we are all conducted, gently, dully, into the final deep, white fog. When that long totalitarian evening eventually falls over the land, it will not be with a thunderclap, but to the soft electronic hum of the dishwasher in the kitchen and the quiet murmuring of the six o'clock network news. It has, perhaps, become a commonplace by now, but no less mortally true for that, that the American totalitarianism will be more corporate than political, a strictly indigenous variety totally devoid of the lurid, operatic, Visigoth glares and blusters of the German precedent, having far more to do here with Disneyland and suburban shopping malls and the Up With People chorus and Jaycee luncheons on Wednesday afternoons at the local Holiday Inn, and so unsuspected to the very end by the vast majority of Middle Americans. It will stroll right in through the front door wearing the wholesome, reassuring, eye-crinkling grin of Fred MacMurray. It will not so much be effected by government as by that vast corporate estate, merely facilitated by government and beyond any direct accountability to the people, which already presides over all the instrumentalities for it—that whole new cosmos of technology that has simply accumulated blindly and, almost on its own, begun to arrange and accomplish it; in that way a new order's technology has always tended to preoccur and then tug history by the nose after it.

It's as if we have been living for almost two decades now in the hectic commotion of the instant, nothing really taking beyond its momentary celebrity. It's the pop-reality, the pop-metaphysic of an electronically homogenized massociety, in which the only verities of our lives lie in the collective experience: The more widely and spectacularly any matter registers to the popular eye, the more real it is; the more private and solitary a matter, the less real somehow. Nothing really happens except as it takes place and counts in the public notice. We live only in the streets, the stadiums, the talk shows, the television news reports, the news magazines, the convention halls—and when alone, we are dim ghosts, almost disappear. In that way, then, the individual—that old portion of the solitary human heart which is the troublesome and contrary part, perhaps, which needs sometimes irrationally and impractically the truth, but is also the part that needs to be free, and is the only portion that can love—is gradually being extinguished, is ceasing to exist. The technological and corporate passion is efficiency, which eventually becomes a passion not only for efficiency in means and processes, but in emotions, in the expense of experience. The individual life has always been a notoriously inefficient proposition.

In all this, the heroes of this age have come to offer themselves as heroes of efficiency. Accordingly, it's no surprise that campaigns for President of the United States seem now to have become for the most part a competition of technicians—a contest of accountants.

Indeed, the very effort of running for President has itself become almost wholly an exercise of techniques. The candidates themselves like to profess sturdily that they regard the long exertion as an appropriate apprenticeship and audition for the fearsome, complex rigors of the Presidency, and that it also brings them into a closer intimacy with the true kaleidoscopic mind and mood of the citizenry—that, in short, they are enlarged by the process. But, in fact, it acts more to contract and mechanize them. For each of them, the struggle for nomination and election is a matter of performing the same set choreography of political sentiments, like a vaudeville trooper performing his personality, performing constant repeating takes of his image, in an unceasing series of one- and two-hour stands across the country. It amounts, really, to an ordeal of showmanship, a trial of grace and flair and nimbleness and concentration, like those dance marathons of the Thirties, apart from any actual communion with the audiences, the people. As Carter reportedly confided to an aide recently, he had not been able to think an original thought in six months. At scattered moments of solely private and individual encounters, their eyes go glazed and remote, they are

The heroes of this age have come to offer themselves as heroes of efficiency. Accordingly, it is no surprise that campaigns for President of the United States seem now to have become for the most part a competition of technicians—a contest of excellent clerks

not really there behind their eyes. During yet another of his expeditions into Florida recently, Carter began chatting with a gathering in a hotel suite: "It's good to be here in—here— in Tampa. Yesterday I was in—" and after a long, wordless silence, an aide called from the side of the room, *"Pensacola,"* and Carter went on, "Pensacola, and we had a very good day there." The act itself—the minutes of that same endlessly recurring performance of their image—becomes the whole reality in which they exist, are imprisoned. It is all an immense enterprise of theater, a massive masque, a tournament of gymnasts. And we are all largely lost in these mere motions: It is no accident that so much political writing seems after the manner of the reportage in the Monday morning sports pages, made up of statistics and game patterns and player averages and locker-room conjectures; it is merely political athletics, with issues simply serving as numbered plays in the game.

At the same time, candidates are even further insulated from reality in the sheer process of aspiring to the Presidency in the special way that Morris Udall, just as he was about to commit himself to that adventure, already understood and ruminated on uneasily one bright winter morning in his Washington office over a year ago. "Something just seems to happen to a man's perception of who he is, his sense of proportions," he mused. "There's a quantum difference between whatever attentions you enjoy as a governor or a member of Congress, and then going into a ballroom to hear yourself introduced by name as a candidate for President of the United States, and everybody coming to their feet and gazing on you and applauding. Suddenly, without even having won anything, it becomes the golden hour of your life. Just the fanfare, the celebrity of running—you can begin to believe all that about yourself."

As a matter of fact, in all these respects, the manner of contending for President of the United States is not all that unsuitable a conditioning for the White House. The Presidency itself now seems an office that has amplified, in involvements and instrumentalities, beyond the reach and ken of any single mortal, and has assumed in fact an intangible but distinct life and vision and volition of its own—its own independent and continuative being of reflexes, instincts, interests, which at least since Roosevelt has simply overwhelmed and assimilated the assorted individual identities of its successive occupants, save in the airy incidentals of style and image. But in most

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large and significant senses, they all wind up acting more or less alike, curiously cease behaving like themselves when they were candidates, and so befuddling their previous ideological constituencies and even probably themselves now and then—this simply because they become the office itself, which behaves through them. It is particularly true of the institution of the Presidency that it is never so much the lengthened shadow of a singular man as the men who briefly inhabit it become the foreshortened shadow of the institution.

As it happened, most of the Democratic cast of contenders presented themselves at a party conference on campaign issues last November in Louisville, Kentucky—a somewhat raffish and gritty river city, its waterfront lately reconstructed into replicas of the galleries and facades of its mythic past with a mint-bright, toy-like Disneyland tidiness, but with a general complexion over the rest of the town of old cigar leaf, a cold, dusty wind smacking down glum streets in a chill, dull sunshine off the wide waterspaces of the Ohio. Terry Sanford did not happen to show up, an invisibility that turned out to be commensurate with his prospects. And among those who did appear were figures who, even by that point, were already waning into little more than dim blips, bare wispy glows on the radar screen of prospects—Shapp, sitting behind the panelists' table on the stage during one session, very small and slumped and hunched with wrists bent downward in a crabbed, crotchety pose peculiarly hinting a rocking chair on the front veranda of a rest home, with his dark, dewy slow loris eyes and lips pinched forward in poutish glowers, black, bristly eyebrows beetling over his hands as they dangled his glasses, some gnomish look about him of Rumpelstiltskin. Even so, he evinced a peppery, doughty, liberal decency in his commentary to queries from the floor, and took on surprising cracklings—"It's Richard Nixon who should have been deprived of his citizenship, not war dissenters. Ford's problem is that he's a center, and he still sees everything upside down." In a faintly touching way, for all his monumental implausibility, he yet proves himself again and again at such gatherings one of the more spirited and bracing and shrewd of the lot.

Bentsen, long and groomed and grey, was still gamely maintaining that immaculate, dapper pleasantness of a consummate television-movie simulation of a Presidential candidate, complete with the prefab, deft one-liners, the precision watchwork modulations in manner and balsa-wood positions, a winning grin flared instantly and effortlessly as a blink, a flash bulb, a camera-shutter, eyebrows waggling amiably: Indeed, from its very beginning his campaign had seemed exclusively composed of such cosmetic calculations, film-image properties. That may be why there seemed some quality of celluloid about him, his voice like celluloid, light, dry, liquid, crisp, weightless—a mellifluously tapered and manicured figure with nonetheless oddly ashen eyes despite their sparklings of light now and then. Receiving a number of questions from the floor that were something less than polite, his eyes would flutter as he mustered his plucky, sporting, unflagging grin, and he would dispense watercress-salad phrases of tentativeness: "What I have stated is. . . . Perhaps later on it could be justified, but right now I'd say . . . ," that kind of thin expository gruel, while occasionally lapsing into fitful, emphatic gestures as if reminding himself to at least continue performing the appearances of an assertive and authentic candidacy. As a freshman senator out of the mahogany-paneled suites of Texas high finance, Bentsen had originally aspired to offer himself, out of five years of innocuous and circumspect competency in Washington's marbled catacombs, as a temperate and respectable executive with just the proper muted sheens of charm to be exquisitely appropriate and attractive to the middle mass of the party—a perfect commodity, an eminently sensible political computation. Only, some elemental kinetic was lacking in it. Now, even the secondary aspiration to which he had apparently repaired—to be "everyone's second choice"—was becoming as wraithy as the first. By Louisville, in fact, one of his principal aides seemed most absorbed in the rather contracted concern of fretting over the costs of having to Xerox checks for campaign expense accountings—"Somebody ought to really look into that," he insisted. "That's the real unwritten story of this whole campaign, the unbelievable expense of that requirement." Asked once during a panel session if he would grant total amnesty to Vietnam dissenters still in exile, Bentsen replied, "I would not," and then, to a brief smack of a clap far in the back of the auditorium as he was reaching for a glass of water, he paused and arched his eyebrows to spy the source of that surprise, to spot that one thin sputter of hope: "Ah, there *are* some of us out there, it seems. . . ."

Sporting an unflagging grin, Bentsen would dispense watercress-salad phrases of tentativeness: "What I have stated is....Perhaps later on it could be justified, but right now I'd say...."

He was finally asked by one reporter, "Your reception down there this morning was a little less than enthusiastic, was it not?" and he produced again his dauntlessly debonair grin, however harried, his eyebrows flicking, but his excellently diaphanous patience seemed, just fleetingly, to fray a discreet stitch or two against this invocation yet once more of his abysmal improbability, and he chimed with a kind of toneless, flat, beleaguered cheerfulness: "And which news media are you with?" Momentarily, as he gripped the lectern, there appeared faint, white spots on the knuckles of both fists.

Jackson, who also paid a call on the gathering, had loomed the longest as the candidate most substantially mobilized, the possibility of most imposing logistics. But,as with Bentsen to a degree, something in his offensive seemed now to have gone somewhere subtly but massively inert, static, for all its formidable engines and equipages, impressive funding and organization— like the awesome C-5A, his campaign was simply having a final, cumbersome difficulty actually working. A small, pudgy, tubby man in neat, snug vest-suits, with meager, thin eyes and a dour, droopy face like a sagging, plump sack of turnips, he has become the utter congressional creature during his 28 years on Capitol Hill, one of its sober high bishops as well as most resolute cold warriors, given to a perma-

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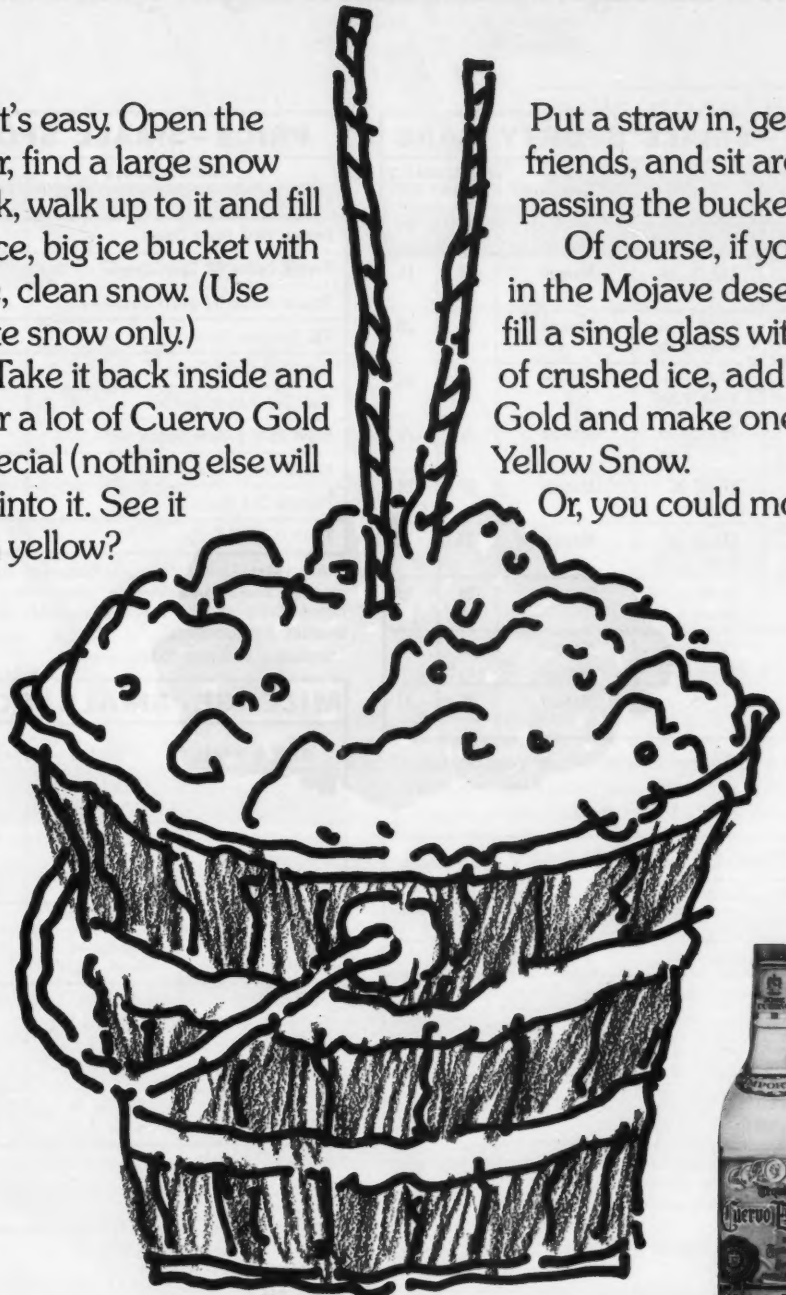

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Datsun 280Z Sport Coupe	168-cu.-in. 6-cyl. F.I.	Manual	27	16
Toyota Celica ST & GT Sport Coupes	133.6-cu.-in. 4-cyl. 2-bbl.	Manual	34	20
VW Scirocco Sport Coupe	97-cu.-in. 4-cyl. 2-bbl.	Manual	39	25
Fiat X1/9 Coupe	78.7-cu.-in. 4-cyl. 2-bbl.	Manual	31	21
Audi Fox 2-Door Sedan	97-cu.-in. 4-cyl. F.I.	Manual	37	24
BMW 2002 2-Door Sedan	121-cu.-in. 4-cyl. 2-bbl.	Manual	25	18
Mazda Cosmo Coupe	80-cu.-in. Rotary 4-bbl.	Manual	29	18
Porsche 914 Coupe	120-cu.-in. 4-cyl. F.I.	Manual	30	20
Triumph TR-7 Coupe	122-cu.-in. 4-cyl. 2-bbl.	Manual	30	21

Source: 1976 EPA Fuel Economy Guide.

PRICE—SMALL ECONOMY CARS

MAKE & MODEL	BASE PRICE*
Pontiac Astre 2-Door Coupe	$3120**
Toyota Corona 2-Door Sedan	3699
Datsun 710 2-Door Sedan	3614 plus dealer prep.
Fiat 131 2-Door Sedan	3958 plus dealer prep.
Mazda RX-3 Coupe	4049 plus dealer prep.
VW Dasher 2-Door Sedan	5195 plus dealer prep.
Volvo 242 2-Door Sedan	6295

*All dollar figures are manufacturers' suggested retail prices, including dealer new-vehicle preparation charges, except where noted. State and local taxes, available equipment and destination charges are additional.

**Includes available 2-bbl. engine.

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Pontiac Sunbird 2-Door Coupe	$3487**
Datsun 280Z Sport Coupe	6594 plus dealer prep.
Toyota Celica ST Sport Coupe	4145
Toyota Celica GT Sport Coupe	4499
VW Scirocco Coupe	4995 plus dealer prep.
Fiat X1/9 Sport Coupe	4808 plus dealer prep.
Audi Fox 2-Door Sedan	4875 plus dealer prep.
BMW 2002 2-Door Sedan	6670 plus dealer prep.
Mazda Cosmo Coupe	5800 plus dealer prep.
Porsche 914 Coupe	7145 plus dealer prep.
Triumph TR-7 Coupe	5100 plus dealer prep.

*All dollar figures are manufacturers' suggested retail prices, including dealer new-vehicle preparation charges, except where noted. State and local taxes, available equipment and destination charges are additional.

**Includes available 2-bbl. engine.

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Datsun 710 2-Door Sedan	119-cu.-in. 4-cyl. 2-bbl.	Manual	33
Fiat 131 2-Door Sedan	107-cu.-in. 4-cyl. 2-bbl.	Manual	29
Mazda RX-3 Coupe	70-cu.-in. Rotary 4-bbl.	Manual	30
VW Dasher 2-Door Sedan	97-cu.-in. 4-cyl. F.I.	Manual	37
Volvo 242 2-Door Sedan	130-cu.-in. 4-cyl. F.I.	Manual	27

Source: 1976 EPA Fuel Economy Guide.

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Data for foreign made cars based on 1975 models.

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MAKE	GUARANTEE
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Data for foreign made cars based on 1975 models.

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nent ill-humor with the Russians even while something in his own sedulous, stale deliberation curiously suggests nothing so much as a Russian Politburo official. A bachelor until he was 49, nourishing his soul solely on legislative hearings and committee reports, he still drinks only parsimoniously and never listens to the sound of music at all, has partaken only of All-Bran and prune juice every morning for the past ten years, and tossed salad and cottage cheese with a clump of ground beef every noon. His sole reverences and fidelities have been invested in his vision of America as large corporations, a bulky military musculature, monolithic unions, mammoth GNP and a gargantuan edifice of government after the architecture of the New Deal. At sporadic moments when particularly exercised over one or another of these enthusiasms, Jackson is wont to briefly whisk his arms up and down in the style of a land-bound pelican—this constituting his single oratorical flourish. In fact, something about his ponderous solemnity during a panel session in Louisville seemed to irresistibly, inordinately tempt Shriver, also on the platform with him.

However faerie and whimsical Shriver's own prospects (he responded to one inquiry about busing with "I delivered a six or seven page speech which has my views on it, and anybody who wants to have a copy of what I said, it's available"), he is by far the most zestfully urbane of the whole company, carbonated with a champagne urbanity, an ebullient insouciance for all his unlikelihood. A certain tautness in his movements, a starchiness in his neck and arms, in his crisp speech, with heavy eyebrows like stripes drawn by charcoal and a heavy cap of hair like a toupee over his rosy chicken hawk's face, he had at Jackson with a gleeful, flurrying combativeness unmistakably Kennedy-esque, that same spry and spiffy incisiveness of licks in exactly the same kind of creaky, crinkly voice like cellophane crackling, like a speeded-up tape player. Discussing Soviet shortfalls on the human rights provisions of the Helsinki Accord, Shriver, in pure eye-twinkling mischief, blurted that Jackson, for one, should personally hold the Russians to account: "I mean, why don't you and a few other senators just go to Helsinki. . . ." To the surf of laughter from the floor, Jackson flushed, and after a moment bawled in his pump-organ voice, "Mr. Shriver, that's a cute question. But who are you gonna meet with in Helsinki? Who's in Helsinki?" Quickly, almost stuttering in his eagerness, Shriver burbled that was exactly the point, that it was one of the

Hubert Humphrey
by Robert Grossman

classically great debating ploys to address an empty chair, to which Jackson—dimly sensing now that perhaps he was being lightly sported with, but not quite certain—merely humphed, "Well, that's absurd, and you know it," while flushing even more floridly, not deigning now to even regard Shriver with his eyes.

But abiding through all these appearances and proceedings in Louisville was a vague, unspoken suspicion that it might all amount to no more than a transitory foreground commotion before the ultimately impending loom in the distance of Hubert Humphrey. One of the conventional sophistications in current speculations about the Democratic situation is that, over the long course of the primaries, with so diverse a chaos of candidates, it will all wind up at Madison Square Garden in July in a final, spent, exhausted inconclusiveness, out of which Humphrey, a still serviceable anointee of the past, bunioned and pummeled and cauliflower-faced old battler of the politics of gladness, would inherit the nomination. Humphrey is one of the true poignancies, if not tragedies, of American political drama over the past 30 years, always a more gallant and decent and expansive spirit than the dingy and unseemly circumstances in which he has too often found himself caught and compromised. (As one Washington commentator put it, "Hubert's tragic flaw is that if he'd been a woman, he'd have been pregnant all the time—he just has a hard time bringing himself to say no out of self-calculation, and just hopes for the best.") But whatever Humphrey's own private, lingering, sundown wistfulness as one of those Might-Have-Been Presidents in the land, if it is also his deliberation now to await that promising possible scenario for New York in July—and he has happily advertised he would not be disinclined to answer an invitation—it amounts to a somewhat mischievous whimsy on his part. Because the greatest probability is that the actual nominee will, in fact, be selected out of the developing dynamics of the primaries—no unmomentous selection, considering that nominee could well be the only factor between Reagan and four years of presiding over the destiny of the country. By continuing to hold himself as a contingency and yet abstaining from the primaries, Humphrey is working a not inconsiderable distraction in it all: The outcome of those primaries, which will almost certainly be decisive anyway, will be determined through an impeded, incomplete, imperfect process. The critical decision will have happened somewhat peripherally. In that sense, nothing will have so ill become Humphrey as his irresponsibility in actively entertaining this last flirtation. "Somebody ought to get the message to him," remarked one Democratic official, "that, in all due respect, for the sake of the meaningfulness of this party in this campaign, he ought to go ahead and get in the primaries, or declare himself unequivocally and irrevocably out of the thing. The only admirable thing for him to do at this point is either fish or quit cutting bait."

Humphrey, the bunioned and pummeled and cauliflower-faced old battler of the politics of gladness, is one of the true poignancies, if not tragedies, of American political drama over the past 30 years

But whiffs, however fleeting, of those highest Olympian ozones of the Presidency's power and consequence leave a daze in which more men than Humphrey have hung drifting for the rest of their lives. On the last day of the Louisville gathering, McGovern appeared and delivered the most arresting, spirit-surging address of the entire occasion, a commanding pronouncement on busing—"Today, no less than during the Civil War, the treatment of races reaches that spiritual depth which is at the ground of our national being. It is a more important measure of America than the gross national product. . . . It counts more than how we are doing materially, but whether America has a meaning beyond mere existence . . . the flaw of racism that is deep in the character of our society may bring down all the rest and the best work of our lives. . . . I do not want a great political party which nearly lost its soul in Vietnam to sell its soul on busing." All in all, he carried away the whole three-day affair. If there seemed some final, vital property absent in all the contenders who had also appeared there, it might have been that last dimension of auspicious, solitary mystery, and McGovern somehow wore that glamour now, after his own ultimate exertion and defeat: It was as if he had never so carried in his presence those extra Presidential magnitudes as in his obsolescence now.

In 1972, even before the Eagleton disaster, there had been something in McGovern's parson-like earnestness—that drawn, pursed, rectitudinous mouth, almost spinsterish, primly zippered like a Presbyterian elder— which had given off some faint, secret, elusive dank of weakness, the slight fastidious preciousness of someone who had been raised as a boy by elderly grandparents, an intimation of some inner vulnerability to corruption in the brutal swelter of gutteral exigencies not unreminiscent of Woodrow Wilson or, even more particularly in McGovern's case, one of Hawthorne's righteous Puritan devines: no incidental touch of Rev. Dimmesdale about McGovern. Perhaps it was some dim, inarticulate brute instinct in that great beast of the

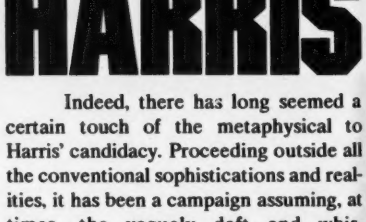
common electorate so trusted by Jefferson that had, in fact, sniffed this. In any event, over the course of his press conference McGovern betrayed that, like Humphrey, he had not quite been able yet to relinquish his own brief, Faustian headiness—submitting that if circumstances should so evolve that the convention arrives at an impasse, yes, he would be agreeable to a beckons: "I'd like to be one of the alternatives. . . ." And then proposing, "When you become President, you take an oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States. . . ." As he recited that phrase he lifted up his right palm almost unthinkingly in the glare of the television lights, as if by sheer reflex still prompted to enact that furiously pursued moment that had somehow escaped him—the shadow of that final great gesture and instant which had eluded him now cast, solitary and isolate and detached out of all time and place, against the total white blankness of the wall behind him.

In fact, there was the strange abstraction of a shadow-show to the whole issues convention in Louisville. Aside from McGovern's speech, the only rude intrusion of any true elemental issue into its diaphanous dissertations over "programs" and "priorities" came with an anti-busing demonstration outside the auditorium on the second day, viewed by most delegates from behind window-panes up on the second floor—Confederate and American flags swimming over the abrupt, moiling combustion of a multitude across the street, Wallace placards bobbing, he now haunting this occasion as he has, like a perennial dark gremlin, a troll, the career of the Democratic Party over the past 14 years. Stumpy, glowering, dowdy, clangorous, uncontainable, he constitutes yet another imponderable in the physics of the 1976 campaign, though this last time, since the sudden berserkness in that Maryland shopping center four years ago, as a blasted ghost of who he once was, merely simulating the motions and sounds and electricities of his prior self, with his campaign likely to flare more thinly and emptily than is generally supposed, the last fierce instant's glare of a light bulb before it goes out forever. But on the whole, for a conference convoked to explore critical tensions and dislocations in American society, those three days in Louisville took on the peculiar oblique and dream-like quality of a chamber-music performance, raptly preoccupied with infinitely intricate variations on the single theme of revising and rearranging systems, structures, maintenance procedures.

It was as if McGovern had never so carried in his presence those extra Presidential magnitudes as in his obsolescence now

At one point, historian Henry Steele Commager arose like a rumpled Druid wandered out of deep woods, weathered and baggy with long white hair astraggle, to announce, "We are in a desperate state. . . . As to the state of national leadership, there is none. The state is zero. This is the era of the chairman of the board, not leadership." The assembly was also advised by pollster Peter Hart that a recent sounding of the American citizenry discovered a tidal backwash of nausea and despair with all the conventional structures and institutions which have ordered American society so far, and, more startlingly, a readiness to embark on profoundly new departures far more radical than those posed by most candidates. Fifty-eight percent are convinced that the major corporations actually direct the conduct of the nation's affairs, while only 25 percent still assume the government actually exercises control over corporations; about 47 percent also persuaded now that megabusiness is the agent of most that's amiss in the country's life. And though 81 percent yet remain disinclined to government ownership of public commerce, 74 percent would have local community representation on industrial boards of directors, and a majority of citizens even subscribe now to employee ownership and control of companies as an alternative to exclusive private ownership. Nevertheless, against the apocalyptic intimations of this new disposition in the national commonry, party chairman Robert Strauss still sturdily tromboned, "Those who would grasp at public disenchantment . . . are those who don't know what the hell America is all about. People don't want less government, they want *better* government. They don't want their social programs dismantled, they want them more *efficient.*"

The auditorium where the sessions were held was a cavernous hall of high, dim girders like a hangar for dirigibles, its far gloomed spaces vastly vacant and filled with the empty boom of electronically blared rhetoric, thin, shallow eddies of delegates sifting idly up and down its aisles and gusts of newsmen like a winter sky-full of starlings wheeling and swooping, fitfully and randomly sighting on each other and so plunging back and forth among its distracted and tenuous proceedings, the successive brief comings and vanishings of candidates. Once, a delegate arose from the audience to notify the candidates then sitting on the stage, "In all we're doing here, in all we're saying, we are acting from the voices of dead spirits. We are ruled by the dead here." This provided, at least, the convention's only metaphysical moment—there was, just for an instant, a huge hush over the floor, then a general uncomfortable shuffling and rustling like some immense suspiration of caught breath, a few twitterings; and one of Bentsen's aides, a chap in a plaid mod suit with a mineral-textured face like pumice and a coiffure of aluminal hair, wearing delicate aviator glasses like tinted cellophane and a bulky, gold-link digital-computer watch on his wrist, turned to a newsman beside him and allowed with a small smile, "I see some of Fred Harris' folks are among us."



Indeed, there has long seemed a certain touch of the metaphysical to Harris' candidacy. Proceeding outside all the conventional sophistications and realities, it has been a campaign assuming, at times, the vaguely daft and whistly eccentricity of Peter the Hermit's crusade. Harris himself is a rather improbable article in this age of executive

princelings. A hefty, pouchy, swart boar of a man with a lumpish, hominy homeliness of face, a bit shambled in attire, a kind of barging, porcine urgency about him with something of a bulby glare in his anthracite-dark eyes and stray, ragged tufts of black hair hanging over his brow, Harris rather suggests a tabernacle faith-healer, or some florid, rambunctious drummer of pans, novelties, cough medicines. His followers seem, for the most part, a rather ragamuffin and errant lot—a waitress at a boat club living with a Vietnam veteran now cleaning fish for work, legions of thin, pale, spectral students, a youth serving as a quality-control chemist at a Budweiser brewery. They are generally innocent of those metallic, brisk efficiencies and facile, capable sheens of, say, Carter and Bayh operatives. Each candidate, of course, is to a degree living out the ultimately private dreams and inner romances of his followers, living their lives more largely and bravely and vividly for them—he is, in a way, serving to realize each of them on the uttermost epic scale of fulfillment—and at those small moments when a candidate might lapse into boorishness and tinniness (Harris, for instance, has a disconcerting habit of quickly guffawing at his own drolleries right after delivering them), when he betrays signs of a mere mundane mortality that disappoint the passionate self-investment of his courtiers in him, the light briefly dies in their eyes. But Harris' tumbleweed of faithful almost unanimously explain their services to Harris not as the restlessness of a political regular "just to be a part of the action in somebody's campaign this year," as one of Bayh's aides put it, but simply a calling of heart out of belief in Harris' belief.

Harris is engaged in his campaign in an evangelism uttered directly out of that great elusive vision which has haunted American politics for over a century like an abiding,distant,phantom glimmering of the promised land—populism. Perhaps the only truly indigenous and homegrown American revolutionary proposition since 1776, it had its inception in those haggard, smoke-hung decades after the Civil War and, for a long season up until the turn of the century, enfevered the South and the wide plains of the Midwest, a kind of spontaneous popular combustion of country-Jacobin radicalism among a beset and desperate yeomanry, including now and then blacks, which ranged itself against the proprietorial estate of Wall Street and those various monopolists, trusts, merchants, bankers and textile barons of the Gilded Age. The populist sensibility has continued to gutter since then, luridly flaring with Huey Long, gaudy and clamorous tribune to the nation's Jacquerie during the Thirties. Indeed, Wallace himself is a mutation of populism into a more meager and sullen blue-collar version. Wallace and Harris, for that matter, derive from precisely the same political voltages; Harris holds exactly Wallace's kind of gusty, rowdy political impulses and energies—only he is like a reversed, mirror-image of Wallace. He passed through certain pilgrimages of intellect and spirit which left him fundamentally different bearings, registers of mind and feeling wholly vacant in Wallace. And he preaches his neo-populist gospel at campaign stops which take on all the air of revival meetings.

"What a nice-lookin' group of people you are here tonight," Harris will beam, one bulky paw stroking and strumming his coat lapel and tie, the other hung by a thumb-hook to his handkerchief pocket. "Maybe we could tell the folks in the other room in there I'm 'bout to say a few words here. . . ." Alone among the company of Democratic candidates now in the field, Harris has the capacity for a walloping, steamy, organ-pealing oratory that makes the blood surge, the skin prickle, the soul shudder: "Corporations run this government and this country now, and don't you fool yourselves. Too few people have all the money and all the power—the concentration of wealth now in this country is far worse than it was during the Depression, and that translates directly into political power. We got a foreign policy that primarily answers to the interests of the multinational corporations and a domestic policy that primarily serves the interests of the super-rich and the corporations. We got to change that. We give the tax breaks to the giants, the Exxons, the IBMs, the Gulf Oil companies, the giant banks. But what we gotta have is a graduated income tax for corporations, not graduated loopholes. Take them and the super-rich off welfare. Did you know that last year 24 millionaires paid exactly *zero* income tax? One thing I'd start with is a tax increase for the Rockefellers, the J. Paul Gettys. Rockefeller paid not a single *dime* in income tax a year or so back here for the privilege of living in this great country of ours. What we oughtta do is sue that man for non-support. 'Course, now, we shouldn't forget, he did give us a $35,000 bed—I don't want to seem like an ingrate."

Wallace's campaign is likely to flare more thinly and emptily than is generally supposed, the last fierce instant's glare of a light bulb before it goes out forever

Briefly plucking at his nose as one would plunk at a jews-harp, with a delivery in which there lurk those whunking Okie chords of his origins, those deep-gullied tin-bucket inflections, Harris bays on, "We're in no jeopardy in this country militarily, really. The jeopardy is that our economy is falling apart from trying to look out after these corporations and monopolies. We got a bunch of clumsy giants that are actually inefficient and expensive. Prices would come down naturally and there'd be a lot more people working if we really had a competitive business system in this country, but we haven't had anything like that since, as the lawyers like to say, the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. If I had just one thing I could do as President, it's put people in this country back to work again. It costs us money for people not to work—more than that, it costs us human beings, costs in human spirit. Small business has always been the backbone of this country, but what's happened? These giants like 7-11, for instance, they've driven the mom 'n' pop stores outta business. We been miseducated in this country—bigness is not generally better, *bigness is generally worse.* It grinds people down. What I'm talking about is a diffusion of wealth and power. Quit subsidizing these large corporations, things like bailing out Lockheed, and quit subsidizing unemployment through the welfare system as it is now, and start using that money to subsidize *employment,* jobs. Break up these monopolies like GM, and really give them a dose of the

free-enterprise system. Some folks say I frighten business—well, anybody who's for monopolies would find all this frightening, I suppose, but anybody who's for real competition and free enterprise would be for me. Too few people have all the money and all the power, and it ought not to be like that. That's not what Thomas Jefferson had in mind. That's not what we thought we'd agreed to back there 200 years ago. It's time we got our country back. And you don't get it by beggin'—*you take it.*"

This Pentecostalism almost invariably brings audiences heaving to their feet in storms of applause, and Harris concludes in the manner of an old-fashioned, tent-revival altar call: "I'm gonna ask you to make a commitment of support tonight. Nothing's more important than what you'll do here tonight. I believe you and I have a chance to change this country and so in some way change the world, and it can start right here in this room tonight. . . ." The truth is, something about Harris' actual presence seems curiously out of rhyme with his political testament. He carries an ambiance which often affords slight, discreet bogglements and dislocations to the finer sensibilities of his faithful. He spoke one evening to a drawing-room gathering in an expensive manorial suburb of Detroit—a somewhat tweedy and long-maned and ethereal assembly of dispossessed liberals left adrift since the McCarthy and McGovern crusades, collected now in scattered small auroras of lamp glow among potted ferns and Persian rugs and impressionist paintings on the walls—and into this salon of exquisite liberal aesthetes, Harris improbably brought the burly, pig-eyed ferocity of some warty, backwoods Oklahoma sheriff, the brutish heats of a red-dirt demagogue. His feet spraddled with one hand plunged deep in the pocket of his wadded, buttoned coat and his other blunt hand heavily punching the air, his coarse oil-black hair furrowed right down the middle of his head with a razorback scagginess at the back, stiffly askew now in the glare of a lamp over his smoke-cured ham hock of a face, he accosted them all a little uneasily. They were unaccustomed to attaching this sort of appearance and manner to what he was actually saying: "I'm talking about a diffusion of wealth and power—the sort of things we haven't been seriously talking about for 50 years. . . . What Wallace has done is make the frustrations and discontent of the common folks into a race deal. It's not a race deal at all, it's a *class* deal. The issue is *privilege.*" Raking his hair back with clumsy swipes of his blunt hand, he took a sip from his glass mug of beer with a kind of wild bullfrog glare over the rim as he listened to questions—"Naw. Naw. We got to quit propping up every dictator around the globe who can afford a pair of sunglasses. Looks like we'd of learned that by now."

There's been a certain surreal and swashbuckling quaintness about the way Harris has gone about pursuing the Presidency. Hauling out of a far outer twilight of possibility with negligible funds and organization, he has conducted his campaign from phone booths in airline terminals and on the street corners of scanty far-flung New England towns, late at night, bulkily huddling inside the closed glass door, mumbling on a shabby unlit cigar as he scrawls notes on the back of an envelope in the bleak, wintry murk of a solitary streetlight overhead. Checking into a motel, he would rummage out of his wallet cash in advance for his room. It all seemed impossible light-years, galactic distances from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue—he sitting alone at midnight in the tarnished yellow shine of an airport coffee shop with a glass of beer and a taco plate, deposited by himself up front in the cabin of a lumbrous propeller plane at a stopover at some meager windsock airfield in the wide, lost outback of Wisconsin, ruffling through an airline magazine in the long, wind-buffeting silence outside and then dozing off. Met at his destination an hour later by two students, he heaved his suit-bag and briefcase into the front trunk of their car with an amiable hoot, "Damn, somebody been haulin' stove-wood in there, looks like," and so set out for his next call stuffed into the front seat of a rickety, rusty, red Volkswagen slapping over vast, flat, empty expanses of upper Wisconsin. Stopping at a truck-stop diner for a bowl of chili, he swapped chortles with the two students over bumper-sticker witticisms they had seen, with one of the students presently inquiring, "Don't you ever wish the pace would slow down a little?" Harris grunted, "Well, that's what I thought it already was. Couldn't hardly afford for it to get any slower." He gave a chugging little laugh. Geneva conferences, National Security Council sessions and State of the Union addresses seemed as remote and vague as the emerald City of Oz. But striding on back out to the Volkswagen, he blared, "Boy, that was good chili. Eatin' that chili makes me want to run for President. 'Course, 'bout everything does. Just gettin' up in the morning does."

One Democratic track-tout of literary inclinations dismisses Harris, with a sniff, "I think maybe he and Gene McCarthy have been on *Meet the Press* just one time too many. I don't know, there seems to be this peculiar desperation always hanging in the party which produces and accommodates such deliriums, allows a certain credit for madness. There's a kind of lyrical, whiskey lunacy to this Harris thing. Sure, he's got the fire in his belly, he's got the truth—but it's like, what if they gave a revival and nobody came? So maybe he should be a newspaper columnist. Harris has got that great flair and energy of hopelessness—the invigoration and élan of doom. He's like Thomas Becket: He's going about it all with much intensity and concentration, knowing the soldiers are in the cathedral."

Whatever, Harris has in fact come barreling into the Democratic scrimmage for President directly out of that second, windier, lustier part of the long mystery of the nation's schizophrenic struggle between Plymouth and the frontier to find its meaning and its image—out of that rowdier, exultant, expansive, unruly impulse toward adventure and dangerous dreams that has run restlessly throughout the American experience. And, in that sense, however doomed Harris' undertaking might finally be, it may have presented us with one of our last existential moments of truth.

To the question, "Don't you ever wish the pace would slow a little?" Harris grunted, "Well, that's what I thought it was already. Couldn't hardly afford for it to get any slower"

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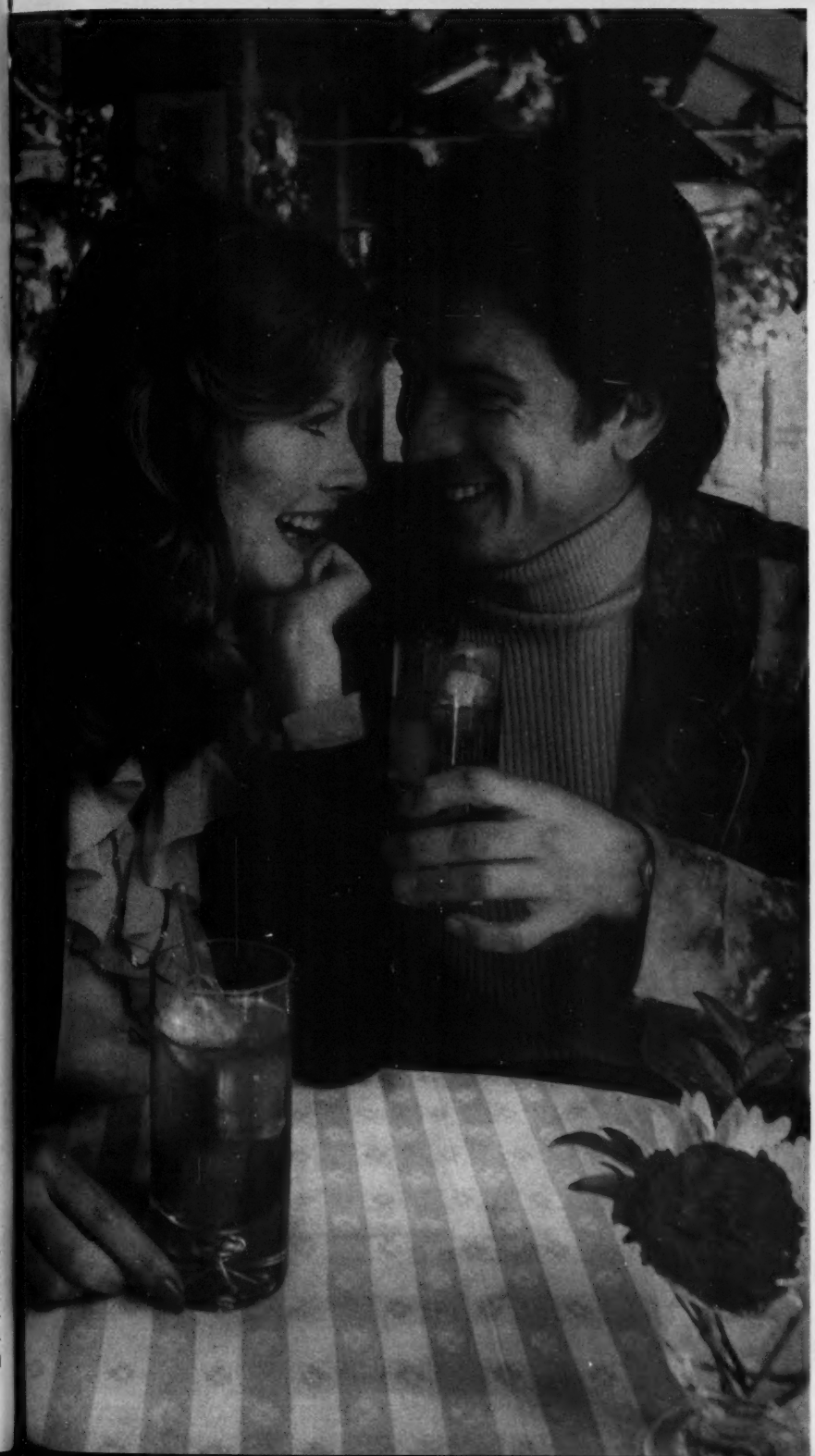

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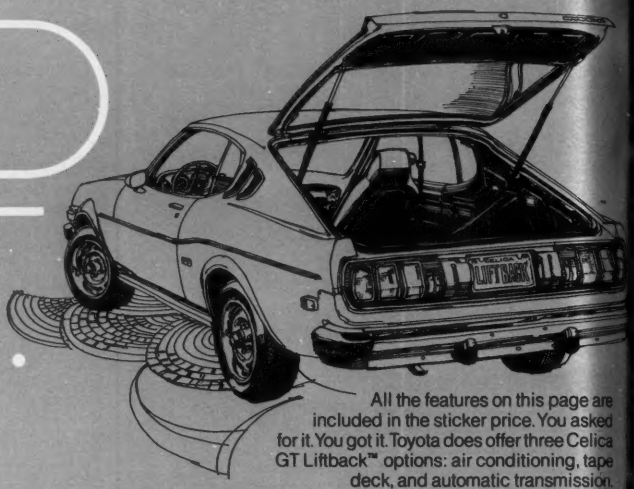

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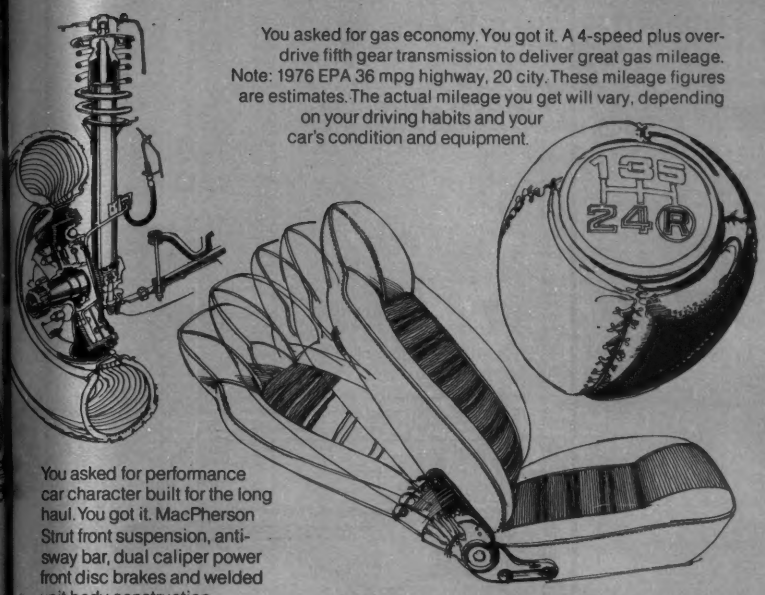

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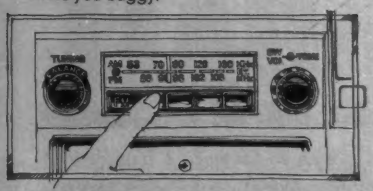

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THE NEW **TOYOTA** CELICA GT LIFTBACK

UDALL

With so thronged a field now of variously liberal contestants—Carter, Harris, Bayh—Morris Udall's candidacy of genial, quiet thoughtfulness has come to be a proposition operating on an increasingly abstruse political calculus of contingencies, secondary oblique potentialities, pastel possibilities finely nuanced now almost to the point of ineffability. A loftily tall, gangly and attenuated figure with a long, lank mule skinner's face wearing the elusively awry squint of one glass eye from the slip of a knife-blade in boyhood play, he resembles some ramshackle combination of John Updike, Abraham Lincoln and Don Quixote. From a Mormon family in Arizona that became a kind of political dynasty of tribal power in those idly inhabited, sun-striken, southern scrub-wastes of the state, Udall grew up as something of a local Renaissance youth—captain of the high-school basketball team, editor of the paper, leading man in the school play, president of the student body, quarterback of the football team who also marched with the band during half time, later, at the University of Arizona, student body president and high scorer on the school's basketball team (he learned to gauge dimension with two quick, blurred wags of his head before shooting). After his older brother, Stewart, was elevated out of Congress into Kennedy's Camelot Cabinet as Secretary of the Interior, Mo succeeded to his desk. There, he steadily compiled a respectable reputation as a prudent and sensible progressive, diligently dispatching regular newsletters to his constituents back home that, collected into a book, have since become a classic chronicle of one solitary odyssey of conscience and goodwill through the reefs and sirens of the congressional system of power. A mild and earnest and winsomely unpretentious soul, yet he was not so innocent of deep, private musks of ambition that he did not, in time, lurch to depose the Speaker of the House, antique and raspy John McCormack. It was the first frontal foray against the bluffs of the seniority system in over a century. Udall capsized awesomely, 178 to 58 in a secret ballot, but did so gracefully and engagingly, whatever the pain, with his wryly aslant little smile of unfaltering affableness.

Mo Udall
by Gerry Gersten

Nevertheless, two years later he made a lunge for the Majority Leadership against Hale Boggs. Again he foundered, but once again, stylishly, winningly, chipper and gently rueful and self-effacing. Something about these two good-hearted and conscientious failures enhanced him; he emerged with a special political handsomeness, and, before long, a number of his House colleagues began mentioning to him the possibility of offering for the Presidency, muttering flattering breaths on his deep brimstones of ambition, this time the most fearsome ambition of all.

In truth, more than any of his competitors now in the Democratic melee for President, Udall has about him a quality of amiable and utterly civilized decency. He is, for one thing, capable of casual small gallantries—as Pima County's prosecuting attorney back in 1952, after unsuccessfully arguing for the death penalty in one case, he provided the defendant upon his release from prison with a personal loan because he found him so likable. During a session of Congress not long ago, as he was presiding over a crucial committee hearing on environmental legislation, he was slipped a note from an out-of-town newsman outside in sudden funding straits on an assignment, and presently emerged into the flare and wash of television lights to take the newsman aside and hastily cosign a check for him. Even through a calamitous, spirit-sacking divorce (Udall's second wife, Ella, is a gusty and assertive lady whom he fondly calls "Tiger"), he has remained a monumentally patient and long-suffering sort, with deep, calm vaults and reserves of cheerful undismay amid all sieges of harassment and tribulation. A mellow-seasoned man with a wit as brisk and dry and glittery as a desert's winter-morning light, Udall's thoroughly civilized disposition has, in fact, become his peculiar ungainly difficulty as a Presidential candidate. It's as if he is hung by his nature in some abstraction of drollness and fine, bemused reflectiveness apart from it all. Having always cherished a high sense of the burlesque, he has seemed unable to bring himself to finally enter into the immediate, grimed and grunting churn and welter and blunderous heaving of the matter in which he finds himself entailed. It's a diffidence that distresses his aides extravagantly, and they are ceaselessly presenting him with desperate memos reprooving him for his lingering air of amused detachment—which Udall will promptly flourish, with an amused little dry smile, to newsmen. He campaigns almost as an anti-candidate, as if he is Will Rogers watching himself run. He likes to propose to audiences, "Now, a one-eyed divorced Mormon can't be all bad." Indeed, his compulsive, modest waggeries occasionally leave one dangling a bit ambivalently: He sometimes concludes his appeals by recounting the campaign of one Arizona politician who would energetically present his political principles to listeners and then offer, "Them's my views, and if you don't like 'em, I'll change 'em." If anything, Udall's final, mortal disability has been that he suffers from a sensibility too excellently refined—like that figure, actually, who seems his own political and spiritual lodestar, Adlai Stevenson. Udall is fond of citing a moment in one of Stevenson's campaigns against Eisenhower when he noticed at one stop a placard assuring him, *You have the support of all thinking Americans,* and Stevenson remarked, "That's not enough—I'm going to need a majority."

It's as if Udall is hung by his nature in some abstraction of drollness and fine, bemused reflectiveness apart from it all

Most of all, in all this one senses that Udall is without that last, elemental, primeval lust in the deep loins of his soul for the sweet, musky bitch of power—the final hot carnality of ambition which is probably critical in the end to any aspiration for the Presidency. His pilot observed one morning as he was waiting to loft Udall again back up into Massachusetts, "He's light—you know? I've flown all these guys around at one time or another, and this one, I mean he just doesn't seem as tense and all-wrought-up all the time like the others. He's a light and easy fella." Surpassingly civil and articulate and generous of spirit, he is also refreshingly devoid of that capacity for sheer wolverine meanness which is no doubt necessary to actually win it ultimately—as the process itself has more than once before tended to edit out those natures most exquisitely and elegantly tempered to serve as a President. Unassuming to an almost disconcerting degree, at the least faintly uncomfortable about the simple blatancy of his ambition now, yet Udall doughtily and doggedly continues going through the motions.

At a home somewhere on the outer suburbs of Boston, he addressed a large congregation of neighbors gathered in a pine-paneled sunporch in the back of the house—they had all been sipping from plastic glasses of white wine as they waited for him and had now a sweetly tinged ambiance of gentle booziness in the late afternoon. Mo stood in the center of the room—long and dangling, looking like an effigy assembled out of raw plank slats, his coattail hanging a bit too short, slightly frayed. He commended himself for their consideration somewhat wanly and tenuously, with vague, fleeting smiles

Continued on page 40

IT'S A BULL MARKET IN RENT-A-QUOTES

BY RON ROSENBAUM

"A burly old Hampshireman driving through the Franklin business district slowed his car today, leaned out the window and called to a town policeman trying to direct traffic in front of Raffaelly's Market on slushy Central Avenue: 'Hey, Bob! Better hold onto your wallet—there's a politician in town.'"

Tom Wicker, *New York Times*, Jan. 23.

What a great quote. That folksy cynicism in the main street slush. That flinty, independent-minded New England wariness. How perfectly the "burly old Hampshireman" captures what Wicker so aptly calls "the disillusionment and cynicism of American voters."

And listen to this one from Joseph Kraft: "A woman in Davenport previously partial to very liberal candidates said: 'My husband and I wanted a fresh face and a new approach. We wanted somebody who could clean up the mess in Washington because he wasn't part of it.'" How perfectly that captures the disillusionment with politics which is so typical of this post-Watergate era.

I've always admired the ability of these top columnists to find these folksy people who articulate grassroots sentiments so authentically. The man-in-the-street types I've interviewed whenever I've covered a campaign have always been surly and uncommunicative or windy and inarticulate, never delivering themselves of such classic man-in-the-street type phrases as "the mess in Washington," which seem to come so naturally to the people that big-time columnists like Kraft interview.

Talk about disillusionment: If I'm to believe what I've just been told, those rustic philosophers they interview, the men in the street in the network news programs—they're all bit players supplied by a kind of media booking agent. This man—a well-known media pro who calls himself Mr. Quote—claims to supply the whole "man-in-the-street biz" with what he calls "pre-selected real people."

"Oh yes," he told me in his office last week, "that big fellow with the 'hold onto your wallet' line is one of our boys. Only thing is—and here's a funny thing that happens once in a while in this business—that Wicker quote was supposed to go to Joe Kraft, but Wicker got to the street corner first. Well, I tell you, we wanted Kraft to have that one, we kinda felt we shortchanged him a bit back in Iowa—last minute demand for Right to Life types for Evans and Novak left us shorthanded."

"You mean the people we see on network campaign stories are actors too?"

"We don't like to use the word 'actors,' he said firmly. "These are real people or reality-enhanced people, if you will. We like to think they're more real than your average real person. Your average real person is not down to earth anymore. Your average real person is not folksy. You put the average real person on camera and he will go on and on and never give you a decent quote. Your big networks, rich as they are, just can't afford to send three camera crews house-to-house, day in and day out, trying to find typical voters to say typical things. You can spend $40,000 and four hours in the freezing cold up in New Hampshire, trying to get 40 seconds of voter reaction to the SALT talks, or you can come to us and we'll set you up with a picturesque farm implement salesman who'll tell you a great short anecdote about his grandpappy, the shrewd Yankee horse trader, and how it's about time we applied some shrewd Yankee horse sense to this whole détente thing. You want to dramatize, say, Fred Harris' use of the economic issue, we got a family of nine on welfare, white, all very thin (we don't let them get sick, just keep 'em skinny till the primary). We can set up a beans and lard dinner with the candidate on 30 minutes notice."

"Wait a minute. Are you telling me that these top columnists and network news people knowingly use shills and ringers for their interviews?"

"You're very green, son," he sighed. "Of course not, that's the beauty element right there. Most of them still think they're dealing with real people. All these columnists still pride themselves as reporters. . . . You understand. So we deal only with the higher-ups at the networks and the newspaper syndicates in arranging subscriptions to our service. And with the candidates we try to deal exclusively with the campaign managers and top media people. Again, with your candidates, it's the kind of thing you just can't let them in on."

"Don't try to tell me you supply all the people to every candidate's rally."

"Don't be silly, son. Of course not. That would be manipulative. A lot of those crowds you see are 90-95 percent real people. It's just the ones that actually get interviewed we supply. We've got a three-way CB hook-up between our dispatching centers, our liaison people in the individual campaigns and our key media clients so that we can keep track of the big events of the day. Take, for instance, those 5:30 a.m. plant gate visits that the networks are so fond of leading off their candidate segments with. You know: 'Birch Bayh began his day before sunrise, shaking hands in the pre-dawn chill with workers arriving for the first shift at Manchester Orthopedic Shoe factory in this heavily blue-collar area of the Granite State.' Now this can turn out to be pretty embarrassing to the candidate— if all he gets is muffled curses—and it's embarrassing to the networks—it opens them to charges of bias against a candidate. But with our package we guarantee one of our guys will be at any given plant gate in the state at 5:15 a.m., dressed in appropriate work clothes, with or without hard hat, carrying a lunch pail, sipping steaming black coffee from a Styrofoam cup—can't figure it but the columnists really like that little Styrofoam cup detail—ready to shake hands and say a kind word to the client/candidate and prepared to deliver a heartfelt reaction to the media."

"But where do you get all these people?"

"Well, this team we're working with this year has been together since the '72 primaries, most of them anyway. We're basically a New Hampshire-based organization and we're running into problems trying to franchise out some of the other states."

"Like what?"

"Well, we offer a French Canadian ethnic option to candidates up here; a guy who will say a few words in French and then tell the camera: 'I like ze Mr. Shriver Sargent. He speaks moi language.' Some-

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

thing like that to get the message across. But as you can see, it's such a bit part we need a guy like that to do double duty. So we asked Pierre, our French Canadian guy, if he'd be willing to play a Chicano in the California primary. Well, it just never worked out. So what we ended up doing was getting a Chicano from California to play a French Canadian here, and maybe do a Cuban exile in Florida, which gives us more ethnic mileage. But I have to admit, we're suffering with the French Canadians here. The new guy still sounds like a Chicano. Still, there is one group, I'm pleased to say, we're overstocked with this year."

"What's that?" I asked him.

"Former Youths."

"Former Youths?"

"Very big in New Hampshire. A favorite particularly of the liberal columnists: They like to come up here and point out how this former "Youth for McCarthy" coordinator back in '68 is now backing Mo Udall although he was being wooed by Scoop Jackson. Former Youths get wooed a lot. We have some super Former Youths available for candidates to woo however they wish. We recommend the candidate use his Former Youth to shepherd columnists around to precinct-level organizers. Columnists, we've found, really dote on anything labeled 'precinct level,' they like to use 'precinct level' at least once in any story, and Former Youths are excellent at guiding columnists to certain articulate precinct-level organizers, who are also supplied by us. Some of these precinct-level organizers will become our future Former Youths in elections to come. And it won't be long before some of our original Former Youths become Future Senior Citizens.

"Now this year we're offering each candidate a package deal we call a Complete Media Enhancement Program, consisting of the ten basic New Hampshire media moments with guaranteed exclusivity for all our reality-enhanced spokespersons in featured roles and some special options, for instance your ethnic option and your bellwether option."

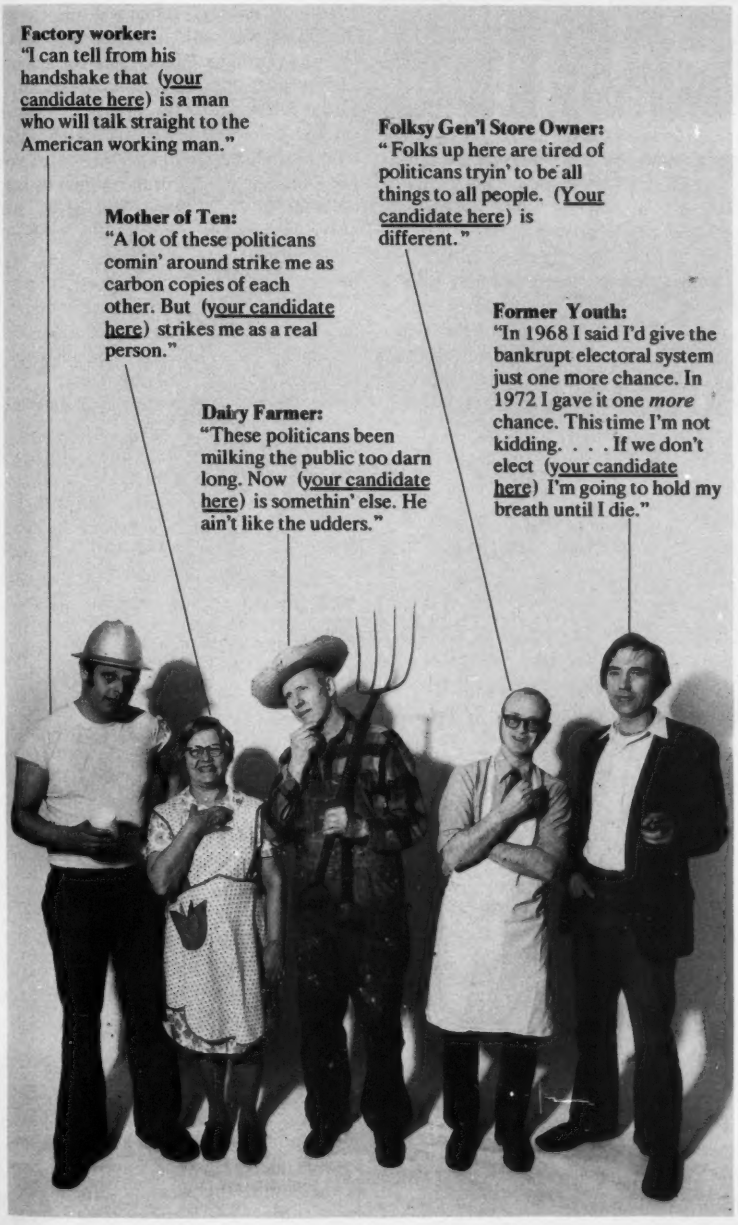
"What's that last one?"

"You know how the analysts love to take one town or one county that's voted for the right man in every election since Benjamin Harrison and use them for spotting trends? Well, we've lined up some people in these bellwether towns and counties, and for the proper consideration they've agreed to tell media people about how they've got a feeling that Scoop Jackson, or whoever our client is, is the one. We have a similar arrangement with some of the people in those tiny towns that cast their votes at midnight on the eve of election day—you know, how they get interviewed after they leave the polling places and are asked who they were for: Those early votes can often be a big psychological factor during the rest of election day. Well, we can guarantee this year a certain number of voters for any candidate who subscribes to this special service. It's expensive. Some of these people are so flinty and independent they ask a high price for their ballots. But, in fact, we've had such a good response on these new services we're thinking of expanding them statewide in the next presidential election. We believe this is an excellent way for a candidate to bypass campaign media spending limitations with effective results. In fact. . . ."

"Wait a minute. Isn't what you're talking about just vote buying?"

"I had a feeling you were going to say something like that. Small-minded people are going to look at it that way. But we look upon it as an opportunity for a far more direct, back-to-basics way for a candidate to communicate with voters. It eliminates a lot of the superficial, electronic media barriers between the candidate and the electorate. We're calling it Enhanced Democracy." ●

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER


Factory worker:
"I can tell from his handshake that (your candidate here) is a man who will talk straight to the American working man."
Mother of Ten:
"A lot of these politicans comin' around strike me as carbon copies of each other. But (your candidate here) strikes me as a real person."
Dairy Farmer:
"These politicans been milking the public too darn long. Now (your candidate here) is somethin' else. He ain't like the udders."
Folksy Gen'l Store Owner:
"Folks up here are tired of politicans tryin' to be all things to all people. (Your candidate here) is different."
Former Youth:
"In 1968 I said I'd give the bankrupt electoral system just one more chance. In 1972 I gave it one *more* chance. This time I'm not kidding. . . . If we don't elect (your candidate here) I'm going to hold my breath until I die."

Continued from page 37

THE DEMOCRATS

to the air, shuffling a little awkwardly as if still murmurously abashed by his presumption, offering a recitation of his eminently worthy struggles against the congressional seniority system, against pillagings of the environment, his direct personal facilitation of the first disclosures about My Lai. "I hope you'll look not at who's the most handsome, or who has the best rhetoric, a rhetoric that stirs your soul—it does no good to find somebody who turns you on if they aren't electable. We ought to think favorably of someone who turns you on maybe 90 percent of the time, but can get elected. I believe, modestly, that better than the rest, I can do it. I think when the chips were down, I've been there. So if you're tired of losing elections," he finished with wispy tentativeness, "and would like one who could win one for a change, give me your heart and your hand and your help. And I hope some of you'll get carried away maybe and want to go to work for us. . . ." And to a polite pattering of applause, with a scattering of parting pleasantries, he plunged on out.

As he folded his long frame like a carpenter's ruler back into the rear set of his car again, his daughter, Bambi, one of his six children, a lithe, buoyant, freshly pretty girl who had detected him flagging during the rounds that morning, now happily chirped, "That one must have gone a little better. You're smiling a little now."

In fact, one senses in Udall now an almost drowsy, vast exhaustion with all the striving, all the trying; as if quietly, in those empty,flat minutes of the afternoon driving to another appearance, alone in the deep lost caves of his nights, he longs for nothing so much now as the simple sweet ceasing of all that strain and urgency and uproar and savage antic motion. "It would be the greatest relief in the world to me to know now it's no use," he confessed, riding on through the thin, bright, mica-glistening sunlight of this Boston winter afternoon to yet another suburban den gathering, another performance. Absently fingering the door handle beside him, he gazed out the window at the wide tinfoil-glinting water of Boston Bay. "You find yourself almost wishing someone would tell you that for sure—that it's no use—so you could quit. You start just looking forward to it ending, even if it's losing, just for it all to be over with."

He briefly pondered his prospects in Arizona. "I ought to do all right in the caucuses there, at least. Jackson's been stirring around a little down there, but nothing much. Of course, seems like everywhere I've been lately—Tempe, Prescott, Tucson—they tell me Jimmy Carter was just through there a week or so ago. Everybody said when he started out, no way you could get elected President the way he got elected governor in Georgia, shaking hands with everybody in the nation. But damn, if he doesn't seem to be doing something like it. Incredible, he's even out there in Arizona, running around. The sonuvabitch is as ubiquitous as the sunshine. . . ."

Indeed, Carter has, to an uncanny extent, managed a continental amplification of his governor's campaign in Georgia, a feat of sheer relentless, sedulous diligence over all obvious likelihood. A trim, slight figure of impeccable Sunday-morning-church neatness with a grin of almost anguished conviviality wide as a watermelon rind, yet with a certain heatless and wintry manner about him, eyes like pale-blue sleet and hair with the blanched glisten of spun beach sand fluffed over a pink, splotchy, sunchapped face, Carter has prospered through an almost preternatural capacity for shaking hands from early dawn on sidewalks and at shopping centers with the steady, oblivious, tireless application of a sewing machine. He seems as fatigueless, undentable as aluminum. It's a faintly forbidding fortitude (as a youth, Carter says, he began running cross-country and "I used to cough blood but I wouldn't stop") which carries him, with his dauntless indestructible grin, unfalteringly right on through those flat, dull coffee-haggard gullies of spirit of four o'clock in the afternoon, on up to midnight. "God, it's almost unholy," remarked one newsman who was with him for two days. Waiting outside a factory gate for a shift change in the Florida panhandle recently, Carter himself proudly reported, "Once, in New Hampshire, I shook hands with 4,500 people before I had a bite of breakfast." Standing in the drab sunlight of the cold afternoon, a wind like deep ice-water scattering his hair, hastily grabbing handshakes and shuffling out his handbills as shoals and rills of workers lapped past him, uttering in his muted murmur with his home-baked grin, "Hi, I'm Jimmy Carter, I'm gonna be your next President, hi, I'm Jimmy Carter. . . ." Once, solicitously swooping swift and delicate as a swallow to open a mailbox for one kerchief-wrapped lady with a handfull of letters who tried to circle away from him, he commented with an odd detachment to a newsman nearby, "They'll take that brochure home and read every word. All most of 'em get is the weekly newspaper and the Baptist magazine. And later on when they see you on TV, they'll tell their friends, 'I shook hands with that guy,' or, 'My cousin shook hands with that guy.' This is exactly the way I won in Georgia."

"Seems like everywhere I've been lately—Tempe, Prescott, Tucson—they tell me Jimmy Carter was just through there a week or so ago. The sonuvabitch is as ubiquitous as the sunshine. . . ."

Carter was one of that new political generation which emerged in the South in the late Sixties—Dale Bumpers, Reubin Askew—of eminently circumspect and nicely mannered young political accountants succeeding those spectacular old turbulent rogue-centaurs of the Gothic past. Somewhat vanilla presences altogether, possessing about all the hoohawing, hair-raising voltages of Methodist summer camp directors, like the South itself in its domestication at last into the suburban void over the rest of the country, they afforded considerably less outrage to the national decency. But one somehow sniffed in all the respectability some faint, stale, chill whiff of an immense collective psychic impoverishment of the South—the perverse difficulty being that life, when it comes most full and

Considering all I'd heard, I decided to either quit or smoke True.
I smoke True.
TRUE
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
TRUE
FILTER CIGARETTES
TRUE
MENTHOL
100's
TRUE
The low tar, low nicotine cigarette. Think about it.
©Lorillard 1978
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
King Regular: 11 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine; 100's Menthol: 13 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75.

real, also probably comes most prodigally mixed and dangerous and troublesome. In any event, Carter's most notable feats as governor were something less than operatic, consisting primarily of various engineering rearrangements in the state's administrative structures while maintaining a demeanor of polite inoffensiveness. Even so, as one of his aides recalls, "I knew there was just no way this guy was going to serve four years and then just quit. He had more to him than that."

Despite his fresh, sunny Tom Sawyer geniality as an amateur at the smoggy poker table of high politics, Carter happens to hold, beneath all the cotton and caramel, fiercely precisioned machineries. It's a computered deliberation shared by his retainers—his press secretary, Jody Powell, a straw-haired young man with a tobacco-leaf tawniness out of a south Georgia sun-stricken junction called Vienna, having about him that vaguely lethal Cracker look of pale mercury eyes and a thin, almost lipless mouth like a small hawk. "They may all seem like soft-spoken little Georgia boys," one Carter operative smiles appreciatively, "but they're cold-blooded as hell under all that niceness." Carter himself grew up in a negligible little crossroads community called Plains down in the wide, musing, buzzard-floated expanses of south Georgia. Even then, he was a somewhat uncommon and imposing lad, consuming *War and Peace*, he reports, when he was 12. It was like a boyhood passed in a barber-shop calendar scene by Paul Deftlesen, and afterward he went on into the Navy where he became a nuclear physicist and married his childhood sweetheart, Rosalynn—a resolutely pleasant-natured girl with a certain demure, gingham prettiness. With the death of his father, he came back home to make his life for the next 9 years tilling and ginning peanuts—one reporter with him for several days recently observed, "You know, it's like over all those years of communing with those peanuts, he gradually took on something of their quality, their texture. Damn, if he doesn't look vaguely like a peanut himself now." After patiently accreting a comfortable deposit of wealth, he then began to answer his vaster restlessness, first gaining a seat in the state senate, then making one dashing but lost guerrilla skirmish for the governorship, finally winning it four years later.

But as a Presidential candidate, he could not have seemed a more vapory proposition in the beginning. An amicable peanut-squire out of south Georgia's empty, piny, sun-dazed, gnat-shimmering flatlands with an occasional whimsy for

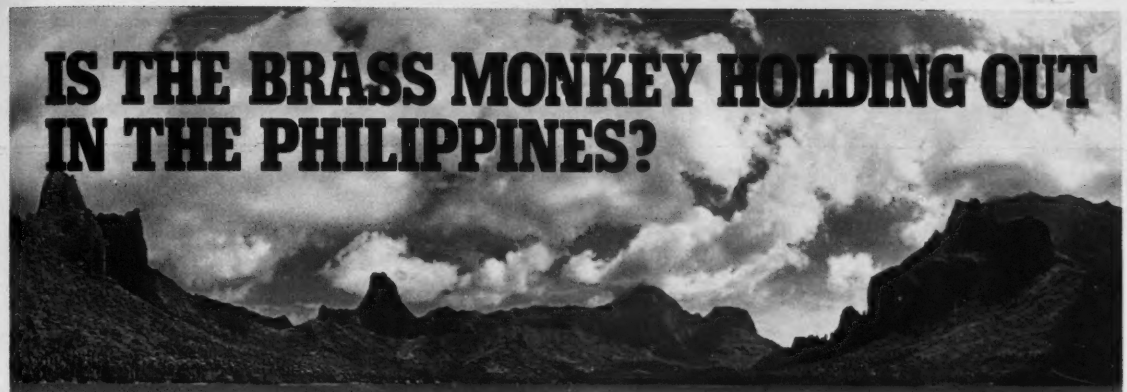
Carter has prospered through an almost preternatural capacity for shaking hands with the tireless application of a sewing machine

Dylan Thomas and Reinhold Niebuhr, as governor he had amounted to little more than a brief and mildly diverting occurrence in the vague outlying precincts of national relevance, regarded even in Georgia as a passably pleasant if rather conspicuously ravenous opportunist and commonly referred to there as "little Jimmy Carter" and, now and then, as "little Grinny Carter." Of course, any prophet's always without honor in his own turf; those who sniffed, "Can any good come out of Nazareth" were without doubt the townsfolk of Nazareth. Carter, however, always had rather less of the prophet than the bookkeeper about him. But as one correspondent with him not long ago in Florida mused, "It reminds me of what Roosevelt once told an admiral who was having a lot of trouble with MacArthur—'Never underestimate a man who overestimates himself.' " As Carter himself recounts, "While I was governor, I couldn't help but study the material coming through there on visits that was being considered at the time as Presidential possibilities. I'd always thought of Presidents as historical figures, you know—they weren't really human beings in my mind. Then, as governor, I met Humphrey and Jackson and McGovern and the others. They came out and stayed at the mansion." And with the ferociously meticulous attentiveness and scrutinies of his own quiet, long-submerged ambition, he contemplated each of them with his mild blue eyes and easy cordial smile, "and after a while, I began to realize I knew more about most matters than they did. It sort of surprised me. There wasn't anything all that special about them at all." He was enheartened, as it were, by their prosaicness, inspired by their mundaneness; it was their bad luck not to impress him sufficiently to dissuade him from his speculations and tantalizations of contending against them.

As it's turned out, not only his campaigning approach but his proposals for the nation now as a Presidential candidate comprise for the most part merely a larger, expanded recycling of his gubernatorial career in Georgia. He is running on the administrative passions—the rather sexless, ardorless urgencies of efficiency, deliverance and redemption through procedure and technique. When he poses, "Can our system of government as we know it continue to exist?" the crisis he refers to is not so much ideological as managerial. "I'm running to coordinate the complicated mechanisms of government," he declares. "When I become President, I'm determined to be a tough, competent, aggressive, businesslike manager of things up there." With an enthusiasm that is almost spiritual, he proposes, "We have a real need for uniform, predictable, well-structured, well-organized programs. . . ."

Virtually blank of any of the swaggers or macho of a truly dramatic political presence, Carter may be aspiring to the Presidency as little more than an excellent, earnest, well-mannered clerk, but he has managed to make himself into one of the most forbidding clerks ever known. At the least, he preempts certain sober second meditations on the beatitude "The meek shall inherit the earth." Through no more than a single-minded, unremitting assiduousness, it has stunningly come to seem possible that he could actually pass the great miracle—that he could inherit the White House. His original calculations were somewhat minimal: to acquit himself decently in the early primaries and then accomplish an impressive if not decisive hit on Wallace in Florida, substantial enough to at least commend him to the convention as a Vice-Presidential prospect. That script has since escalated considerably. For one thing, his campaign was provided an unexpectedly galvanizing dynamic by the sheer gap of agreeable surprise between the initial assumptions about his negligibility and his actually beguiling assured personal presence, not to mention

IS THE BRASS MONKEY HOLDING OUT IN THE PHILIPPINES?

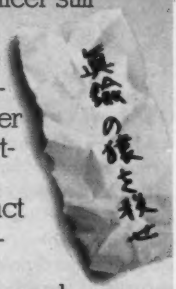


Do two men stalk each other tonight under a tropic moon—an implacable Japanese intelligence officer and the man who invented the drink that defeated the Japanese Secret Service in W.W. II?

This much is on record: that a year before the war's end, the Brass Monkey Club, named after a small brass figurine in a niche by the door, was raided and closed. And that H. E. Rasske, code name Brass Monkey, his mission in Macao accomplished, took off alone in his import-export company's battered seaplane. His flight plan called for a rendezvous with a U.S. Navy submarine in the Luzon Strait where he was to receive new orders. He never arrived.

Three decades have not silenced the legend—that collection of truths, half-truths and untruths—that then spread thick as jungle briar over the 7,000 partly-submerged mountain peaks that make up the Philippine Islands. It tells of a World War II that never ended, and it links Rasske to the strange case of Captain Mori, Special Intelligence Squadron, Japanese Army. Mori's mission was spelled out in this brief directive: "Kill Brass Monkey."

The reported discovery of the same message, scratched into the trunk of a banana tree on an uninhabited island 40 miles north of Luzon, gave credence to earlier stories of a Japanese officer still fighting on, unaware that the war had ended. Leaflets were dropped, search parties organized, with no result. Two rather blurred photographs, purporting to show Mori in the jungle and published in a now-defunct scandal and adventure magazine, were officially dismissed as representing two different people.

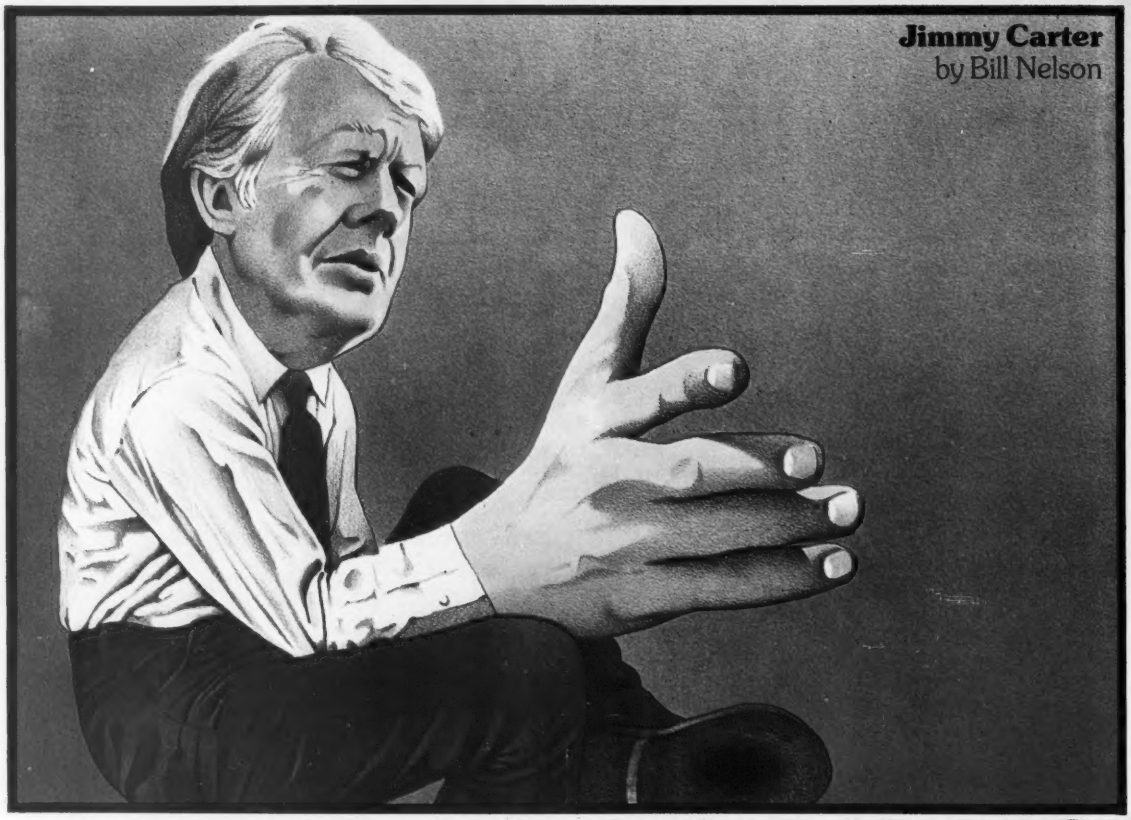


We wonder. Perhaps there *are* two different survivors on that "uninhabited" island: Mori and Rasske. Perhaps...

THE BRASS MONKEY from HEUBLEIN

A secret combination of liquors. Tasty, smooth and innocent-looking, but potent. When you drink it— over ice, with orange juice or with tonic—you might remember how lucky you are to be in a safe place.

Heublein Brass Monkey® 48 Proof Made with Rum, Smirnoff® Vodka and Natural Flavors. © 1975. Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. 06101.



Jimmy Carter
by Bill Nelson

how he began to fare in early testings. He has since traveled far on the mere dazzle of that difference; he has been, spectacularly, what Saul Bellow calls a contrast-gainer. Now, it's become the marveling, gleeful suspicion of his staff that the journalistic establishment—particularly the *New York Times*—"looks like they've sort of decided to adopt us."

Carter also happens to have, dimly, the look of some unknown, undiscovered country cousin of Jack Kennedy—the ghost of that look, however dwindled and dusty in Carter, not the least of his serendipitous political properties. No matter how chimerical a figure of mere glamours and gestures and graces he may eventually prove to be, JFK was nevertheless a momentous and protean event in American political life simply in his effect on the style of political theater here—forevermore altering it from a play of protagonists who suggested high-school principals, like Eisenhower and Taft and even Stevenson, and loosing us into an age of romantic politics, of matinee princes, of cavaliers. This generation of politicians, in image and manner, are indeed all the children of Kennedy. Nixon was only an aberrational atavism in all this, as is his extension, Ford. The Kennedy political physics, the Kennedy aesthetic, has become generic—a national mythic romance of nostalgia, brought to its climactic definition and confirmation in Robert Kennedy, so profoundly endemic now in American political life that it continues to resist all hopelessness in pining and heaving after the last reluctant, harried one of them left, despite his own repudiations and dubious fitness. It is by no means, then, one of Carter's incidental windfalls that he happens to provide a certain tantalizing illusion to that formidable nostalgia. That faint, spectral, déjà-vu effect he carries is not lost on him.

But in the managerial enthusiasms and furtive Kennedy auroras of his campaign, Carter is proceeding in it somehow as if he were teaching a Sunday-school class. He is pursuing the Presidency through a kind of politics of niceness—a gentle, custard-pudding didacticism, made up of sentiments having the subtle savor and complication of the Sunbeam pledge. He will conclude many of his appearances with his own home-sewn, wall-sampler homily version of that classic moment in political drama of Bob Kennedy's moving soliloquy in the wild, fiery night of Indianapolis after King's assassination, a moment of high moral theater, which has since become a stock effect almost all candidates labor to simulate. "I once visited Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia," Carter narrates, "and I heard the same prayer heard there 200 years before by our forefathers. They had a vision of what our country should be—and were any of those leaders any more intelligent than we are? love their country more? Were they any closer to God than we are? I don't think so. I don't think we've lost anything precious that we can't restore. God hasn't done anything to make us a weak country."

Some cynics might suggest that Carter is not so much sicklied over with the pale caste of thought as with a potato wash of goodliness. But, in fact, he is utterly earnest, is possessed by a relentless, unblinking wholesomeness. "Social workers are my favorite kind of people," he often enthuses. "When they went to college, before they got disillusioned by the bureaucracies they wound up in, their hearts were opened to help blind people, poor people, the handicapped, the afflicted. . . ." Indeed, out of a vision of human distress that tends toward the Salvation Army dialectic, he is ceaselessly referring to "the afflicted" and "afflictions," to the extent of "the affliction of not having work to do." To those on welfare, he would administer through government programs "understanding, respect and love." Citing one employment program

"Once in New Hampshire," Carter proudly reported, "I shook hands with 4,500 people before I had a bite of breakfast"

for the indigent in his home county, Carter relates, "To see the pride that exists now in those women who are doing something useful. . . in God's sight. . . ," and he hesitates, a lapse of suspended breath while he rolls his eyes about him gravely for a moment, ". . .will bring tears to the eyes." He announces, "Only 10 percent of those on welfare could actually work," standing very still as he delivers this news. "The other 90 percent. . . ," and again he pauses with a certain melodramatic breathlessness, ". . . can't work," this almost mumbled, a soft downbeat finish in the syncopation of his delivery in these offhand little political devotionals. "What we oughtta do with that 90 percent," he sings, waits and then smiles, ". . . is love them," uttered again with that low, wispy, sinking, portentous finish and a faintly apologetic half-moon grin, his pale dusty eyelashes batting shyly as if in fleeting embarrassment at the simple, obvious, overwhelming decency of these disclosures. "The question is whether we can have a government. . . ," another vapor-hang of hesitation, ". . . that is right and decent," the grin now stealing forth again, "and honest, and truthful," tolling forth the words once more, raptly, as if in some adolescent's stricken infatuation with his discovery of idealism and the noble.

In all this sincerity, Carter has seemed to move in a constant rainbow of political good luck—most notably, when he was blessed with the almost supernatural stroke of good fortune of having most of the other candidates decide, back when Carter still looked fairly negligible nationally, to abstain from Florida and leave the field to him to attend to the special task of dispatching Wallace. As it's worked out, he may well wind up dispatching them all there, so have the caprices of circumstance since tumbled. Now, with his coup in Iowa and the likelihood that he will fare far more imposingly in the primaries to follow than was ever originally supposed, he seems sure to come booming into Florida with a walloping accumulated momentum against Wallace, in what will be Wallace's first authentic primary effort. Florida remains the critical and decisive moment for Carter, but on a scale now far more momentous than was envisioned in the beginning. In his increasingly jaunty forays now into the furtherest inner reaches of Wallace's old tribal territories there, he affects a serene élan, a kind of doughty unintimidation, taking a moment aside as he was shaking hands outside a Pensacola cardboard plant recently to inform a reporter with a small smile, "We only about three and a half miles from the Alabama line here, you know. . . ." A shift foreman, watching him from a distance, assured a huddle of newsmen, "You in Wallace country is what you're in here, fellas. He's been around a long time—but I have to say, this guy coming out here himself like this personally instead of sending somebody, you got to admire it. It's good." Downtown along Pensacola's main street, Carter was directed by a local aide—"Let's run 'im into Child's here"—into a cafe with barbershop-tile floors and the slightly tatty, glazed mummy of a tarpon mounted on one wall; Carter strode eagerly to a long table at the back full of businessmen taking their mid-morning coffee, where he was promptly notifed, "This is Wallace country back here 'round this table, sorry." Carter's face flushed, became almost all grin, as he burbled, "Okay, good deal, wouldn't want it to be unanimous."

If Florida was more or less ceded to him in the beginning, Carter has since flourished there to the point where he ebulliently professes, "It always would have suited me if the rest of 'em came on in; I'm willing to beat 'em all." In his pluckiness now, though, he is prone to occasionally over-strut himself a bit bumptiously and to over-advertise his auspicious associations, happily announcing, "Mr. Allon, Mr. Rabin, Mr. Bar-Lev—they're all close friends of mine," and, until not long ago, indicating he was being regularly advised by former Undersecretary of State George Ball, with Ball finally grumping to reporters that he'd only chatted once, and that only momentarily, with Carter.

In fact, he is not above indulging in the invocation of other hasty, wishful mirages of a more disquieting order. Whenever he is confronted with queries about his approach as President to busing, he eagerly cites the arrangement worked out in Atlanta "while I was governor" as an enheartening and promising precedent. But an Atlanta attorney who aided the school board in devising that plan reports that he called on Carter at the delicately poised last phase of negotiations to ask him to lend his good offices toward helping conclude the matt only to be apprised that the governor was simply not going to get involved. "He even refused to return my calls," the attorney recalls bitterly; besides that, he adds, the Atlanta plan has worked "only by the grace of whites having fled to the suburbs until it's become an almost all-black system. Jimmy just sort of neglects to mention that."

No matter. If simple motion were

substance, Carter would be Charlemagne. In Pensacola recently, he abruptly appeared through the glass doors of the courthouse out of an ashen, chill-skied morning and, followed by a tumbling wake of reporters and Secret Service agents, proceeded to go through its corridors and offices with the dispatch and thoroughness of a Roto-Rooter—skimming and bobbing among its random early-morning population of secretaries and officials and citizens like a bumblebee in a garden of gardenia blossoms, "Hey, lemme shake your hand, I intend to be your next President . . . . Yawl gettin' any peanuts down here at all? . . . Hi, don't forget me, now. . . . Oh, yeah, you from Georgia? Got any kinfolks up there? . . ," all the while, with each handshake, translating with a deft, instant, magician-like flicker his pine-green pamphlet into their palm, giving as he did his quick little curious possum-grin of shyness, abashment. Someone told him, "You're moving around mighty early this morning," and he piped, "Well, the courthouse didn't open until eight." Any open door along the way exerted on him an immediate gravitational check, tugging—"Hi, I'm Jimmy Carter, is it all right if I speak to your folks in here?" He once glanced at a closed door in one office—"Is there somebody in there, too?"—and paused before it, patiently strumming and ruffling his sheaf of pamphlets like a Las Vegas faro dealer while someone behind him said, "Yes, but she's. . . ," with a sudden, muffled short grumble of water then sounding behind the door and a secretary emerging to discover, with a small start, almost bumping into him, Carter standing immediately before her, beaming. "You the first girl I've ever given a pamphlet to in the bathroom," he allowed, and then impulsively dabbed her cheek with a slightly awkward little buss, turning to go with a low, light, boyish twitter, "Henh-heh-henh." Someone called behind him, "Mr. Carter, you missed Mizz Patch," and he swung back, "Sorry, I didn't mean to be rude," presenting her a handbill with that sheepishly proud smile of a seventh-grader offering up an excellent report card.

And so off again, this muted stampede moving after Carter in its own intact, detached pocket of furious clamor and urgency, forging on up stairwells with sudden little scuffling collisions with idle downcoming traffic, a dull fitful storming of feet on down corridors with Carter, now and then glimpsing over his shoulder happily to check the entourage toppling after him. At one point, he charged on through the closed double doors of a courthouse—"You can go in there, Governor, there's a bunch of folks in there," the sheriff invited— and everyone spilled after him into what, it turned out, was the county criminal courtroom, its wooden pews filled with a scattering of rather glum, funereal faces now right before the convening of that morning's session for the disposition of their assorted delinquencies and dreads and abject woes—Carter nevertheless proceeding on his bustling rounds among them with an oblivious festiveness, regarded with dull, incredulous, bleak, pained stares as he chirruped to them, "Hope you enjoy your day in court!" A few minutes later, at a bank across the street, he startled customers in glass cubicles in the midst of the tense, humid privacies of applying for loans, they too mustering smiles a bit distracted and faltering—he winding up once, in his coursings about, briefly behind a teller's window, apparently unnoticing, greeting folks over the glass panel as they stepped up uncertainly, "Hi, I'm Jimmy Carter, I plan to be your next President. . . ."

Carter is pursuing the Presidency through a kind of politics of niceness—a gentle custard pudding didacticism, made up of sentiments having the subtle savor and complication of the Sunbeam pledge

As he moves along in this manner, Carter is wont, now and then, to place his freckled, tan-furzed hand on the back of secretaries' heads, let it linger lightly on the long, sleek sheens of their hair. At Pensacola's city hall, he flicks up the head-scarf of one receptionist and softly ruffles her hair in his fingers as he sputters stammerously, "I wanna meet all the pretty girls in Florida." But it is a part of his unremitting and carefully calibrated seminarial composure that he allows himself no more than such momentary, tentative flirtations and titillations with those deeper luxurious Dionysian sirens at play in the mystique of power. Once, after a radio talk show in Miami Beach during which he had been called by a girl he had once idly courted as a teenager back in Plains, he indulged himself in the exquisite headiness of phoning her back, sitting behind a desk in a side office with one cordovan wingtip shoe cocked up on the rim, flushing to a tea-tinge as he murmured, "Roxie Jo? Hi, this is Jimmy. . . . Yeah. . . . Well, fine. . . . Married? . . . Where you livin' now? . . . ," and then blurted with a strangled-looking grin, "You still as pretty as you ever were? . . . Sure. . . . Sure. . . . Naw, naw, I couldn't do that—" His face, in a suffusion of crimson now as if steeped in beet juice, melted almost completely into his grin. "Unh-unh, I swear, no," he gurgled.

But no more than that. Carter is, in all respects, preeminently a man of implacably measured restraints and modulations. Recalling an incident when he once became exasperated over a disarray in scheduling, he remarked that no one would have noticed "because I have complete control"—his only evidence of irritation, he indicated being a faint rippling of a muscle now and then along the jaw. He has staunchly abstained from any sip of spirits since the day he announced his candidacy; "It's just not all that necessary to me," he explains, "and I've seen a lot of others let it get to them a little bit." In fact, it is averred by some that his ceaseless, inexhaustible industry in campaigning really owes to the sublimated tensions of these ruthlessly pent compressions in his nature. Though he dispenses blandishments extravagantly—he will tell reporters, "We really feel honored and privileged you'll be spending some time with us, really do"—he seems to find it unbearably uncomfortable to have to entertain flatteries himself. He is made squirmish and taut of neck when ambushed and captured in casual one-on-one banter, as if it offends his compulsion for economy of expenditures—"I don't really like to waste time," he once conceded, "if it looks like somebody's just trying to contrive a conversation."

It was at a reception of some 450 supporters at Tampa's Conventional Hall that he was most utterly among his own people, the essential and definitive gathering of his variety of faithful. It was a tumultuously effusive convocation

("You lookin' *good!*") of the New South's young country-club Bourbons—junior bank executives and architects and attorneys with pale, pampered, faintly translucent faces and chestnut manes of fine-spun hair, wearing vest-suits of large plaid prints, their wives otter-sleek and sun-burnished in pastel gowns, furiously vibrant, faces shiny with a bright-eyed avidness, a kind of constant, thrumming, hectic expectancy which seemed to have only begun wasting them discreetly at the edges, at their tight temples and cheekbones, the new Scarlett O'Haras of the South's suburbs. They were, if not precisely the beautiful people, the pretty people of the Brave New South's wholesale transfiguration into a massive Santa Monica. Among them were older women in candied bouffant confections of hair with sweetly shattered faces, their husbands in Las Vegas leisure-suits in Popsicle hues of yellow and orange with string ties, their cheeks a little whiskey-scorched. "Fact is," a local reporter pondered, "damn if they don't all look like Republicans here. Strange crowd."

Carter swam into them, in high buoyancy now. Many of them he recognized with delighted squeals, "Aw, shucks! I can't believe it, lookahere—good to see you again. . . . McRae! Great day in the mornin'!" moving through an exchange of whoops and jubilant hoots like some small-town high-school homecoming festivity. "You just keep that nice smile, Jimmy. . . . Jimmy, you gonna do great down here, I'm working all the Christians for you, now," on into an antechamber, a cavernous and dimly illuminated hall like an airport hangar with plastic sheeting over its vaulted windows where the bar was in full, clattering, uproarious swing. In that bleary blue light, a white frost of beard was just beginning to show on Carter's jowls and chin like a dusting of ground glass. One old friend brayed to him, "Jimmy, what in the world you doing running for President?" and Carter, taking a quick little chest-expanding breath of happy concurrence with the dizzy audacity of it all, chirped, "Winnin' it, it's lookin' like."

During the dinner later in the convention hall, a chorus from a local high school—all barbered inoffensively, spankingly sanitary and radiant and unanimously grinning with gladness—serenaded the crowd, belting out *California Dreamin'* like thronging Easter bells. Finally, Carter could not resist arising from the head table on the rostrum and skipping down and strolling over to stand by himself at the foot of the low stage where they were ganged and singing, cozily beaming up at them while personally receiving their blessing, his arms snugly crossed and cuddled to his chest and his head shoved forward in that stubborn terrapin manner of his, a beatific grin of sheer transport on his uplifted face as they hymned to him, "Oz never did give nothing to the Tin Man/ That he didn't, didn't already have. . . ."

Among the plentiful chorus line of Democratic candidates, it's probably Carter who has been afforded the most disquiet by the abrupt, blithe bound of Birch Bayh into the auditions. Emerging late, he has managed to assemble a very sizable estate of serious organizational support very rapidly. Riding recently through the rusty winter woods and fields of Massachusetts, Bayh offered in his crisp, Indiana, guitar-string whang, "I didn't want to run if it looked like somebody was going to be able to do the same things I felt needed to be done to get this country going again. After a while, it looked like none of them was going to be able to put together the broad cross-section it's going to take to win. So. . ." A nattily groomed figure with the spry snappiness of some young drugstore gallant out of *The Music Man*, he ducked his head to one side with a waggishly atilt smile, ". . . I thought I'd at least give 'er a try. You never know unless you try. I was able to put it together out there in Indiana several times, which is not exactly a bastion of liberalism."

Bayh's are farmboy good looks, altogether, the bright, sparkle-eyed swagger of a young corn prince

More exactly, Bayh's approach in his campaign for the nomination is more or less that of a political plumbing contractor, his notion being to reassemble and consolidate again all the elements of that traditional FDR coalition now scattered among the other candidates—the redoubtable old consensus of labor, liberals, minorities and those briny, gristled old party brokers like Daley of Chicago. As Bayh likes to pose at party conclaves, "We need someone who can weave together the common threads in the hearts of us all. . . ," adding, with a bit of a clink to that lyric sentiment, ". . . all those common threads of personal self-interest." During Bayh's 14 years in the Senate, he has answered, for the most part, to the middle liberal respectability—he has been an advocate of the ERA, national health insurance, labor interests and civil rights laws and, most recently and combustibly, legislation to accommodate abortion. His most notable hour, perhaps, came with his successive successful sabotagings of the Haynsworth and Carswell nominations to the Supreme Court.

A bouncy chap with a hint of chunkiness that gives him something of the quality of a Collie puppy, Bayh has a certain urchin-choirboy freshness about him, with a tan neck and a shag of glistening cinnamon hair rippled with the merest wavery nuances of curliness, his pastel-blue summer-sky eyes squinting conscientiously between mildly mod sideburns in a rather pale face the complexion of buttermilk—his are farmboy good looks, altogether, the bright sparkle-eyed swagger of a young corn-prince. Indeed, after the death of his mother and his father's wartime transfer by the Air Force to Washington, Bayh was raised in Indiana by his grandparents among their 460 acres of wheat and corn and soybeans—as well as, being something of a semi-orphan, among the extravagant dotings and cuddlings of various middle-aged, hen-plump womenfolk.

He wound up inheriting the farm when he reached young manhood and, with his wife, Marvella, a perky-witted girl from Oklahoma whom he had married after she whipped him in a National

Farm Bureau debate contest, abided there for a short season. Bayh now likes to rhapsodize about the idyllic agrarian romance of that farming interlude, with a reverence approaching a Crunchy Granola commercial: "There's no more meaningful feeling in life than the feeling you get making things grow, being in touch with nature like that. It gives you almost a *religious* feeling, you know—seeing that corn come in in the fall. It's just good for a man's soul."

For all that, he soon became glumly, miserably restless—"I left it all because I like people" is his explanation—and managed, only 26, to levitate himself on up into the Indiana legislature. It was consummately his element, he found. He wound up the youngest House Speaker in the history of Indiana. In 1962, when he decided to take on Indiana's blusterous old buffalo Republican senator, Homer Capehart—who guffawed at the idea—Bayh succeeded in delivering himself out of the void of his general anonymity over the state by means of a radio jingle—*Hey, look him o-ver, he's my kind of guy. His first name is Birch, his last name is Bayh.* That ditty, for all practical purposes, constituted his campaign. "Hell, people got to where they started calling the radio stations asking them to play that little song again," remembers one journalist. It was enough, along with Bayh's assiduous and maniacally folksy trompings about the state, to retire Capehart, and Bayh frisked on up to Washington.

In the Senate, he soon struck up a convivial camaraderie with Ted Kennedy and came by a certain short glare of national celebrity when, riding with Kennedy in a light plane that crashed one icy night near Southampton, Massachusetts, he dragged Kennedy out of the wreckage, as press reports had it, "though seriously injured himself." Traveling over a thin highway in the Massachusetts countryside last December, Bayh suddenly leaned forward to inquire of the driver, "Now this is somewhere around Southampton, isn't it? Yeah—" and then settled back in his seat to husk in awe to a newsman beside him, "Damn near died here. . . ." As it turned out, the local doctor who had treated him showed up among the group at his next stop, and Bayh recalled the episode for the gathering, "Yeah, it was one of the most traumatic moments in our life." But afterward, as the doctor stood outside watching Bayh whisk away on down the sidewalk, he was asked how critically damaged Bayh had been, and he smiled lightly, "Naw, it wasn't serious. Just a little back sprain. We turned him loose from the hospital after a day or two."

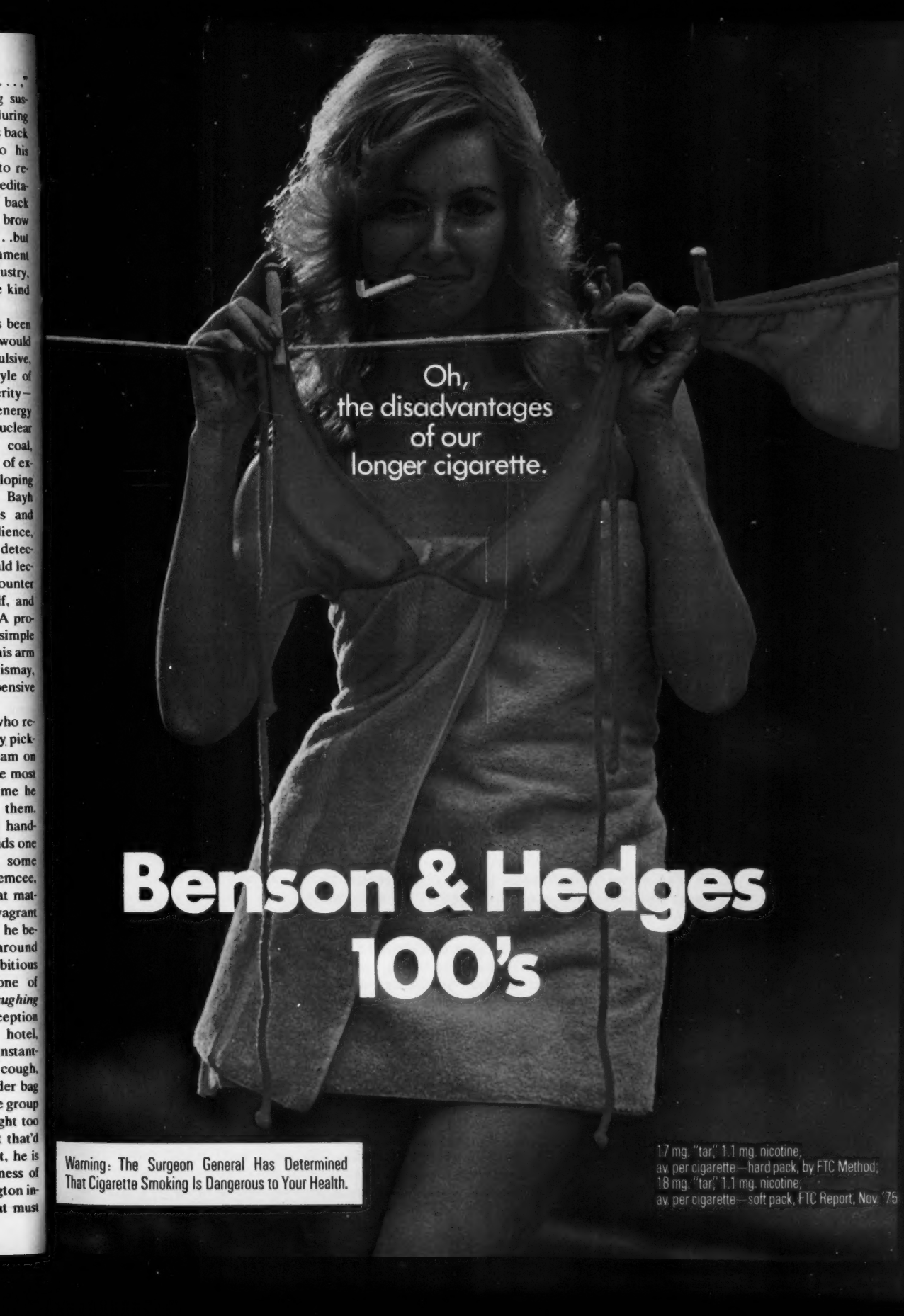
"We got a bunch of our people in the crowd holding cameras with flashbulbs, so when he arrives they'll be popping and blazing—no film in the cameras, but those flashbulbs will be going off everywhere"

In time, Bayh established himself as one of the more energetic young starlets in the Senate, and finally, in 1971, he made a brief initial scamper for the Presidency—but rapidly abandoned it when a singular blankness of any promising developments happened to coincide with the discovery that his wife had breast cancer. With surgery, she has since been restored to haleness, says Bayh. "She's real tough. But she's not getting into this now—she's doing her own thing." And last October, in a circus tent set up one pumpkin-mild day in a wheat field behind his old farmhouse in Indiana, Bayh announced he was going to have at it again. "As I travel around the country," he explains now, "there are people who are just looking for someone who has the capacity simply to look at you and make you feel he's honest."

Bayh, at least, has applied himself to conscientiousness with a vengeance. At a small assembly of labor officials roosting in metal folding chairs under bleak fluorescent light-tubes in an upper room of a New England city hall, he shook his way cordially around the room, breathing, "No, sit still. Sit still," and after he had delivered a short, sober chat—one foot propped up on the seat of a chair while he leaned forward with a kind of taut, urgent earnestness, a fist cocked on his waist—he then barked, "All right, now, what's on your mind." There was a certain stiffness in his poses and movements, like a newly unwrapped doll, he standing now a bit bulgy chested with his arms hung down in front of him with a rigid straightness, hands laced tightly together with palms to the floor, then turning, still erect of back and shoulders, quickly to the side for a question with a curt pivot of heel and toe like a martinet's pirouette. Asked about the closer government regulation of oil monopolies, Bayh ventured with an almost pained deliberation, "I'm for it, I'm for it, but look. . . ," and then held for one of his long suspenseful pauses of pondering during which he paces gravely several steps back and forth, his hands shoved into his pockets, and then abruptly stops to regard the floor in further laboring meditation for a moment, at last peeping back up from under his fair, furrowed brow with a conclusive *tsk* of concern, ". . .but look, I just don't want government bureaucracy taking over the oil industry, that's all. I mean, I'm a progressive kind of guy, but I just. . . ."

In fact, if Udall's defect has been one of lurking diffidence, Bayh's would be precisely the reverse—a compulsive, flurrying excess of eagerness, a style of vigorous if slightly amorphous sincerity—"I'm for exploring alternatives for energy while relying in the meantime on nuclear power plants, alternatives like coal, like solar energy; in fact, I get kind of excited when I think about developing alternatives." In this effusiveness, Bayh occasionally suffers little boggles and lapses of terms, blurting to one audience, "We need a program for cancer detection—if my wife were here, she could lecture you on that, having had an encounter with that particular disease herself, and having lost a mother to it myself. A program just, for cryin' out loud, for a simple little pabst-test. . . ," and he threw his arm out in incredulous, appalled dismay, ". . . just a simple little easy inexpensive *pabst-test*!"

As a matter of fact, Bayh, who religiously ends each campaign day by picking up a pint of chocolate ice-cream on his way back to his hotel, is not the most cerebral of creatures—the first time he took his bar exams, he flunked them. Rather, with his glister of casual handsomeness and zestfulness, he reminds one more than anything else of some television game-show host—the emcee, say, of *The Dating Game*. For that matter, there is a slight lingering, vagrant dash of the Lochinvar about Bayh, he being generally acknowledged around Washington as the buoyant and ambitious young Midwestern senator of one of Barbara Howar's dalliances in *Laughing All the Way*. After one evening reception in the ballroom of a Cambridge hotel, Bayh bobbed back into the car to instantly mutter to an aide, with a small cough, "Who was that girl with the shoulder bag standing up there in the front of the group to my left? I saw her the other night too up here, and she had on an outfit that'd knock you out, fella." At the least, he is given to a certain bright nimbleness of eye. The word from some Washington insiders is that Bayh—realizing what must


Oh,
the disadvantages
of our
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—hard pack, by FTC Method;
18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—soft pack, FTC Report, Nov. '75

be the collective fantasy of a whole generation of American bucks now in their late thirties—has lately cultivated special amities with at least two matronly Mousketeer alumnae.

In like manner, his campaign for the Presidential nomination now has seemed rather reminiscent of a fraternity rush on some 1950s campus, consisting principally of pizzazz and pep rallies. As one of his aides eagerly announced before a campus appearance, "We're gonna create a crackerjack media event there, hopefully. We got a bunch of our people in the crowd holding cameras with flashbulbs, so when he arrives they'll be popping and blazing all around him as he goes in—no film in the cameras, but those flashbulbs will be going off everywhere." In fact, his retainers tend to have the glib, transistorized efficiencies and chromium excellencies peculiarly evocative, at once, of both Kennedy's and later Nixon's operatives, and most of them explain, "I just wanted to be a part of somebody's Presidential campaign this year, and I looked around and Bayh seemed the best bet." His crowds, too, at receptions and benefits rather resemble Kennedy crowds—roomsful of shining people, all glimmerously enameled with a chic, patent handsomeness as if minted into being right off the page of a Buick Riviera ad. But campaigning along sidewalks and in shopping centers, Bayh is, in fact, a county-fair boomer, cozily hugging grandmotherly ladies, ramming his hand under the arm of a policeman and leaning in chummily to him as he carries him along for several yards, blaring like a cornet to a restaurant owner emerging in a white apron out of his side door in Southampton, "Hi, I'm Birch Bayh, you people were mighty good to me and my wife back there a few years ago, we still gettin' Christmas cards from you folks up here!"

Especially when he is among students, Bayh tends to flourish somewhat clinky phrases filched out of faintly dated lexicons of high hip. Receiving a delegation of students one evening in his hotel room, he gravely shuffled off his coat, yanked open his collar and settled himself on the rug with his legs crossed Indian-fashion ("which I thought a little peculiar since there were still empty chairs around," recounts a student there) and then solemnly proposed, instantly glazing all eyes around him, "All right. Let's rap." To a convocation at the University of Massachusetts recently, he declared, "Now this may not be a good thing to say on a college campus, but—but—" and he paused with that air of straining conscientiousness, "but I wanna lay this on you," and the heaviness he then laid on them was: "We can't win this thing unless we get behind a candidate who has the capacity to put a coalition together . . . . Excuse me for getting a little exercised here, but I want to put it right on top of the table, because that's how I feel about it." Ask to comment on certain programs put forth by the People's Bicentennial Commission, he stalked up to the very edge of the stage with his squint of frankness, hands wedged in the slash pockets of his trousers with his coattail flared back over his wrists, and intoned, "Well, my wife met with Jeremy Rifkin, and I can tell you—she was very impressed with where he's coming from . . . ."

Finally leaning with arms crossed on the lectern—one sometimes gets the impression he is shuttling through a kind of varied slide-show repertoire of assertive, emphatic poses and gestures—he began, "I—look—I," and he tucked his chin in thoughtfully for a moment, "—I want to urge you all to get involved in this campaign. Lemme just tell you why." His voice has subsided now to a low, almost anguished wheeze, uncertain and cracking a little, as if near to splintering apart under the seriousness of the moment. "I mean, well, it's something that affected me more than just about any other thing in my life, and I'd just like to share it with you. I was speaking on a campus once not long ago, and somebody sitting . . . ," he glanced up, raised his arm and pointed, ". . . about, about right *there,* he stood up. Tall, black guy. Dark glasses. Beautiful Afro. And he said, 'One more question, one more question.' Well, I was already late to catch my plane, last flight out that evening. But what the heck. . . ," he dipped his head and gave a little toss of his hand in the air, ". . . so I miss the plane. Ended in my missing the flight. But he said, 'I've listened to everything you've had to say here about what you'd like to see this country be, and I think you really mean it . . . .' Said, 'I'd really like to believe you, but, but I just got back from Vietnam. I live on the West Side of Chicago, where kids are eating lead paint, getting bit by rats. I mean, I mean, what are you *really talking about?*' Well, I searched my mind for some evidence of good faith that I could give him . . . ," he paused, then gave a small shake of his head and a faint sideways smile, ". . . you know, I've told this story a hundred times, I guess, and I still get a little lump in my throat—" This, it was clear by now, was Bayh's own particular Bob-Kennedy-in-Indianapolis dramatic soliloquy, like Carter's forefathers-in-Carpenter's-Hall recital. "So I finally said to him, 'Look. The Carswell

"It gives you almost a religious feeling, you know," says Bayh, "seeing that corn come in in the fall. It's just good for a man's soul"

Birch Bayh
by Joseph Smith

nomination. When that nomination came down there to the Senate, we didn't think we had a prayer to beat it. But there were 50 of us at least who still believed. Still believed. And as a result of a handful of students from Columbia Law School—they read every word of every case of G. Harrold Carswell, and it was that little handful of students who found the white supremacy issue, who found the mediocrity issue. And we *beat* that nomination. And *those students did it.*"

There was an empty and rather hugely suspended hush over the auditorium: Somehow, it didn't all—ghetto children bitten by rats, the black Vietnam veteran who wanted to believe, how G. Harrold Carswell's nomination was defeated—quite come together. The audience stared at Bayh, a unanimous absence of any gulps among them, whatever lumps the imprecise beauty of the parable may have lodged in Bayh's throat.

Later that afternoon, he pulled up at a motel where he was to address a gathering of local Democrats, his aides spilling on in ahead of him with quick, breathless greetings to local Bayh partisans there, "How many here?" "About 40." "Christ. Jeez. That all? Well—" Bayh strolled in to find a thin spattering of people in the wide, yawning spaces of a vast, circular supper club and, after one rapid glimpse around, kept his eyes from then on closely and intensely fixed on each of the well-wishers shaking his hand. Standing before the clutch of party workers in this gloom touched with vague glows of sulfur and brimstone, and striking one of his Beau Brummel stances, Bayh proposed, "Why don't we get involved in a dialogue?" Somehow, it had the sound of an obscurely indecent suggestion. He was presently asked, "Will you enunciate exactly how and where you differ, Senator, from the other liberal candidates?" At this, he took one of his long, pensive pauses, one finger softly tapping his pursed mouth in extended careful reflection, briefly glancing up at the ceiling. (At one gathering elsewhere late one evening, he paused so long after one question that there began to creep over the room a faint chill uneasiness that he had maybe flipped suddenly into momentary coma, simply blanked out on his feet with his arms crossed and his head lowered with a forefinger curled thoughtfully over his mouth, until finally someone murmured thinly, "Senator?" and he wagged his hand, "No, no, I know the answer to that question, I'm just wondering how broad an answer I ought to give you.") At last he essayed, "Well—I—*okay*, then. Look. Fred Harris had some rather differing opinions about things when he was in the Senate than now when he's running for President. But we all believe about the same things. The difference between us is the capacity to use the institutions to accomplish some very tough things. The others haven't really fought the tough battles I've fought. I've won most of 'em, too. I've learned what it takes to win in this system. I happen to believe if you just stand up and be honest, if people can look you in the eye and feel you're honest, you can convince a lot of people in a lot of different circumstances with a lot of different points of view."

Afterward, riding back to Boston through a dim, misting, indefinite dusk, a journalist who had been with Bayh through that day ventured the question, a trifle ponderously, as to whether there might not actually be a profound popular suspicion now, as was indicated by the Hart poll several weeks earlier, that corporations were the true invisible, effective government of the country, and if there might not be a popular readiness for renovations of the nation's economic and power systems far more radical than those posed by most candidates. "What," Bayh grunted. "I don't see how any of that kind of talk is all that radical. All that political rhetoric is simplistic." He shifted and settled himself against the door in a

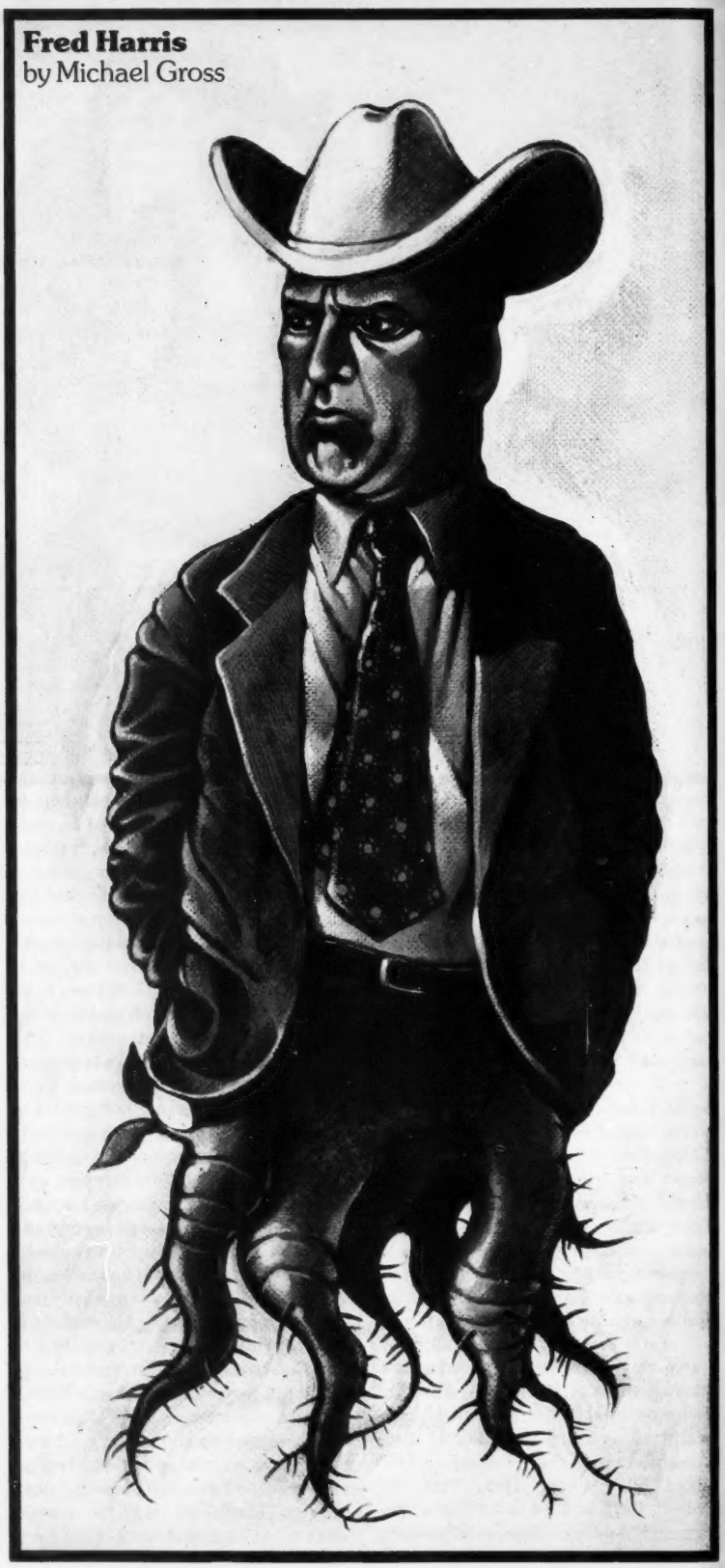
kind of cramped huddle in his overcoat, his mood seeming to have suddenly gone strangely flat and sour. "People want the system to work," he mumbled, "the institutions just aren't working now. For instance, what I would do is—I—is I would have a crash study. Crash study to determine, for instance, the impact of conglomerates and multi-conglomerates, the relationships of the financial community to government. And a more progressive income tax for everybody. And when these multi-nationals make their gidgets abroad, with foreign labor, and then start selling those gidgets back in this country, that's where we'd draw the line."

"Gidgets?"

"Well. Anything you want to write it." And he turned to glare dully out of his window for a moment. "I don't think the corporate structure is innately bad at all," he presently insisted again, his voice wan and toneless. "It's just bad when it's treated with favoritism. That's all." And with that, he abruptly announced, "I'd like to take a little nap here," crowding himself impatiently against the door, somewhat grumpily shoving a wadded coat under his head—and so dozed. When the limousine finally pulled up in front of his hotel, not too long before his next scheduled appearance that evening, he was asked what he ever dreamed during these short naps snatched in cars and on planes in his plungings between campaign stops. "I never dream," he muttered, and bustled on out of the car.

Well before Watergate—indeed, with that surprisingly prosaic and potty collection of sulky bureaucratic uncles who appeared for civilization's judgment at Nuremberg—we should have begun to develop a new consciousness: that evil does not come now in those forms to which we've long been accustomed to recognizing it. No longer does it shuffle onstage before us as Richard the Third, humped and shadowy and smirking. Rather, in this age, it most often wears the circumspect vest-suits and shell-frame glasses of executive boardrooms, speaks in mild, civil, sensible modulations of language and carries an attaché case, dwells among graphs, charts, statistics, policy profiles, program reports, that whole paper universe of bureaucracies, corporations, research centers, government agencies, which collectively—in their applications to life of processes, structures, systems, designs, the mechanistic, as the final medium and definition of human experience—accomplish in the end, in the way of all institutions however humanitarian, only inhumanity, isolation and atrophy of the heart, ultimately working

Fred Harris
by Michael Gross



thereby incalculable havoc with human flesh.

The deepest crisis of these times, perhaps, is a crisis of appearances. It's as if our conscience's vision still perceives with only one eye, in flat dimensions of the conventional respectabilities: honorable men are civil and sober, and sober and urbanely civil men of circumstance and responsibility, whatever their occasional indiscretions, "are not criminals at heart," as Ronald Reagan reminded us during the Watergate scandals. There might be nothing left for Middle America but to landslide into wholesale madness if it ever came to suspect, to glimpse for an instant, the true, dark, furious abyss of possibility always just a blink away from the comfortable, innocent, sunny surfaces of a Norman Rockwell scene—that is, at once, the sadness and the danger, because the subtle etherizing of the heart and small annihilations of the soul and extinguishment of the individual life in the next totalitarianism will come upon us with the innocuous, pleasant, familiar smile of Marcus Welby.

Neither, for that matter, does goodness appear among us in the mien and guise by which we've long presumed to recognize it. Frequently, it's as if there is no way for it to move about in this age other than with the air of a fugitive, almost guiltily, like one of Graham Greene's poor, dingy, furtive, God-haunted derelicts. Watching Senator Sam Ervin against all the facile, sophisticated machineries of the Nixon executives during the Watergate hearings, one suspected it sometimes came blunderous, flawed, seemingly sluggish, crude and absurdly archaic, unprepossessingly plain and rudimentary, even at times buffoonish.

It remains, actually, the old immemorial fair-is-foul, foul-fair dramatic game, old as Oedipus and Othello and Don Quixote—the mirror-play of appearances between truth and counterfeit, health and malaise, life and emptiness.

Harris' final misfortune is to have appeared as merely an engaging, gutsy anachronism at a moment of almost Proustian effeteness in political sensibilities, an overnerved, fastidious self-consciousness in the public constitution which seems unable to abide any Rabelaisian gustos and garlics in our leaders

HARRIS REDUX

Fred Harris—bluff, barging, disheveled, a touch of the rank about him—in fact tends to strike a number of discriminating sensibilities somewhat disagreeably. He seems to have about him a certain muggy smack and sweat of the opportunist's desperate, glitter-eyed hunger, something of the traveling horse trader about him, a riverboat Gildersleeve hustling mining bonds. Ralph Nader, for one, has averred, "He's just a man looking for a job," and, indeed, Harris himself when he is sometimes interrupted in his living room deliveries will happily honk, "Just a minute, I'm selling cars here . . . ." One common cynicism holds that he was inspired to depart the Senate and cast out on his first Presidential excursion back in 1972, which promptly miscarried for want of money, out of a final recognition of his political bankruptcy back in Oklahoma—and that, since then, there has been no direction for him to plunge other than the Presidency, having been propelled all his life by some obscure, voracious, free-float hankering for higher horizons. "It's a Pavlovian thing with Harris," one Washington writer suggests. "Ever since he was a boy, he's been driven to be somebody important some day, and nothing he's gotten so far has been quite important enough. He was disappointed by Humphrey in 1972 when he wasn't chosen Humphrey's running mate, and he'd lost his electability in Oklahoma with his big turn all of a sudden to the left—it was like slats dropped in front of a rat in a maze. So he took off on this track, because there was nothing else he could do."

As a neo-populist evangel, Harris' origins are authentic enough, but he arrived at his vision now through a somewhat wayward and circuitous pilgrimage. He was the son of a dust-bowl sharecropper and occasional migrant harvester, and was picking cotton by the time he was 5—"We'd get up around four o'clock and feed what stock we had, and then get in the fields with the first light, right before the dew started to dry off." In those gaunt years of viciously laboring to hack and scrabble mere survival out of worn, shabby, implacable earth, the local bank came to seem to Harris a kind of temple, a mystic sanctuary holding the magics and sacraments of deliverance into a distant glamour of plenty and peace, paradise. Obsession comes out of trauma, and the firmament of wealth, power, security betokened by a bank became Harris' fixation in his boyhood as the refuge from mean and sullen struggle.

An old photograph from an FFA convention ceremony shows Harris as a whippy, thin, dark, tomahawk-faced youth, already glistening with eagerness. As he was traveling about on oratorical contests then, he was followed by a willowy, black-eyed girl with long, crow-black hair named LaDonna, the granddaughter of a Comanche medicine man. Their marriage subsequently developed into a deep symbiosis, one of Harris' winsome simplicities being that he is one

of the few politicians who seems to genuinely and profoundly cherish his wife. Away from her very long, he lapses into the lumpily woebegone. She being fully as spirited and shrewd a public personality as he, it has become one of the not incidentally beguiling prospects of Harris' campaign that, even more than FDR and Eleanor, his would be, in a real sense, a dual Presidency.

From his early boyhood Harris was recognized, in his spare and scruffy little community of Walters, as uncontainable. After graduating from the University of Oklahoma, where he made Phi Beta Kappa, he swarmed on into the state legislature at 26, then at 33 was anointed to succeed to the unexpired term in the U.S. Senate of late Oklahoma oil boyar Robert Kerr. His first years there, Harris dutifully answered to the appointed solicitudes for oil, gas—that estate of interests which had seemed almost religiously his salvation for so long as a boy—and for the martial establishment, specifically its Vietnam investment, he having been swiftly assimilated on his arrival in Washington by Lyndon Johnson. One evening back in Oklahoma as he was dining with family and friends, the phone rang and he was told the President was on the line, and Johnson notified him that he had been installed on the Kerner Commission on civil disorders in the nation's cities. Johnson then delivered the admonition, Harris chortles, "that he didn't expect me to make any trouble for him on there, or, he said, *Fred, I'll cut your peter off.* What he said. Damn, it's a right rare experience to have the President of the United States threaten you with that."

As it turned out, though, it was from his service on the Kerner Commission that Harris' Damascus Road experience ensued. Up to that point little more than merely a precocious and enterprising Senate hack possessed of a certain special alacrity of curiosity, Harris proceeded to blunder through a succession of large illuminations—not only about the chasmic divides of race and economic lot in American society, but about the war, about the corporate galaxy which had been the star-faith of his youth, about the pathologies of privilege. He found himself, in his late thirties, abruptly pitched into a new consciousness. In the process, it was as if he had accidentally discovered his beginnings, his source, discovered himself. At a recent gathering of party liberals in New York City, he was told, "You come from Oklahoma. You come out of the oil country. Very frankly, your early record leaves a lot to be desired. What do you say to that?" Harris replied, "I grew up."

Indeed, his past is not unspeckled. Not long ago, a Gulf Oil lobbyist reported he had smuggled money to one of Harris' Senate campaigns, and the morning this news appeared in the papers, Harris, who was forging then through white postcard villages in the upper cedared reaches of New Hampshire, repaired repeatedly to second-floor rooms in college inns and corner phone booths by grocery stores to check the matter out with his Washington office. When he was finally asked about it that afternoon as he stood in a cold-winded parking lot in a black topcoat, Harris snuffled, "Well, what they seem to be talking about is when I was first running for the Senate back there 12 years ago. We can't find any record of it yet, but we're trying. All I can say is, if what they said were true, they sure as hell didn't get their money's worth."

But somehow, however errant his passage through the past, it's precisely because Harris has been so mixed a creature that he seems now to carry some extra register and dimension of reality. He has the peculiar existential authenticity of the prodigal. He has about him somehow the wise weight of having known, in the sinks of his own heart, if not evil then dull, brackish silts of badness, cheapness, the monotonies of venality. He has grappled, as the preachers say, with sin, looked into the eye of the Devil and emerged with a smoky singe of fuller experience than most. And for that reason, it seems he has the heft and definition of belonging somehow more authentically to the true, massy teem of human experience.

Precisely because of this, it may be Harris' final misfortune to have appeared as merely an engaging, gusty anachronism at a moment of almost neurasthentic, Proustian effeteness in the political sensibilities, resulting generally from a surfeit of collective electronic self-mirroring, an endless obsessive perusing and inspection of our images and manner and gestures, our breath and fingernails, in television and news magazines and day-long radio talk programs. It has produced an exhausted, over-nerved, fastidious self-consciousness in the public constitution which seems unable now to abide any Rabelaisian gustos and garlics in our leaders — Johnson with his ebullient vulgarities having been a casualty of, along with the rest of it, that particular preciousness, just as it would have likely undone Jackson and Lincoln. It is, on the whole, a melancholy and not undangerous turn for the country, no slight part of our conditioning toward some totalitarianism, since it tends to produce diminished, synthetic, savorless personalities as leaders—Tupperware men, electronic men.

In the midst of all this, Harris has come snorting forth like some squat, dark, solitary mystic out of the old deep, lost woods of the country's experience. On a campus with the wheat-bright heads of Wisconsin youths drifting like angels in a dream of provincial folk-innocence back and forth outside in afternoon sunlight beyond the window of a lecture room, he stands with one bulky hand gesturing upward as if lobbing invisible birds up in the air one after another as he speaks, his other fist holding a paper cup of coffee clumsily at his coat lapel, "What we're talking about is diffused power structures, is a break-up of the system of predatory privilege in this country, is democratizing again the way this country operates and the way it's run. It's all deeply American, actually. It's so conservative, it's almost primitive American. It's about a pluralistic society. It's what we thought we had created and started back there 200 years ago. Things have gotten outta whack, is all. But you just give people a glimpse of what this country was really *supposed* to be, and what it *could* be—and there'll be no stopping it. And that's what we're gonna do, we're gonna give them that glimpse. . . ." He forgot his topcoat again as he lurched on back to the car, barged back for it hooting, "Damn, I'm gonna manage to lose that thing yet, and it isn't even mine, had to borrow it from my father-in-law coming through Chicago." Late that night, at the end of a long day, riding in the front passenger seat back to his motel with three aides, he presently bent over and, scuffling a moment, luxuriously removed his shoes, whereupon, after another moment, the car windows around him began to be stealthily rolled down a discreet inch or two.

And the next evening, to a small collection of his supporters clustered around him in wooden folding chairs in a blank, feebly lit New Hampshire town hall, Harris hulking forward wearily in a green leather desk chair with his cement-sack knees spraddled, holding his inevitable coffee cup in both hands, looking up to croak to a couple hesitating in the door, "C'mon in, we got some coffee and doughnuts left in here," simply chatting now in his low, hoarse, raspy voice, "I just wanted to stop by here and see some of you people again. I think we're doing awfully well, I never thought by this time we'd have come as far as we have. Seneca, you know, said something about the danger always in organizing of losing sight of your objective. But I don't think that could happen too easily with us,

since we've tried to stay away from a lot of structured organization in this campaign. It's a citizen campaign with a citizen candidate for a citizen President," and he mused on, as much to himself it seemed now as to the others, a neglected and dilapidated stage littered with miscellaneous flotsam like an attic in shadows behind him, and with no more than a dozen of his people listening quietly in the hush of this bare room in a dumpy city hall in some obscure, lost little New England town in the vast deeps of an American night, "I'm gonna be like Harry Truman and Roosevelt, and have independent-minded cabinet members who'll argue things out. There's nobody up there now who'll just say straight out to the President when he's wrong, 'Mr. President, you just wrong on that.' Every now and then, the President needs to hear somebody say, 'Bullshit, Mr. President.' That's the kinda men I'm gonna have when we get to the White House. And I think we're gonna do it, now. I've just got that kind of feeling. . . ."

Then the next morning in Manhattan, to a small deputation of Democratic counts and duchesses sipping coffee in an East 74th Street apartment, a drawing room at this mild, early, sunlit hour calm in soft beiges and cocoa-browns with a dove-grey carpet and salmon scalloping over the drapes, ethereally tapered women in long, black, ankle-length dresses settled like swans in the corners, and Harris himself in this bower of privilege and power somewhat more muted and compressed in manner, looking for once almost vaguely ambassadorial in a rich grey suit, but in the low bleat of his voice over the room lurking still those whunking, burly homespun chords of the American interior, "The thing about McGovern now, McGovern didn't lose on these issues. It's just that there were a lot of blue-collar people who never joined up with that campaign, for several reasons. McGovern kept talking about calling everybody to a higher ideal. Well, my daddy down there in Oklahoma working on a farm for a living, he wants you to say a word or two about him. Heppin' the folks like him in this country, that *is* the higher ideal. When McGovern was actually trying to talk to my dad, my dad thought he was just talking to welfare mothers. Another reason why so many working people didn't join up with McGovern, of course, was Wallace. Now Wallace is absolutely unacceptable, we all agree on that. But having said that, you have to think about all those people who are attracted to him—what it is about him that speaks to them, and why."

Harris now began fingering and rolling with one heavy mitt at the cigar tucked away in his coat handkerchief pocket. His voice gathered a bit of its usual calliope steams. A spiky strand of hair hung over his brow. "Well, why Wallace speaks to so many people in this country is just what we're talking about in this campaign—privilege for the few. You can't leave all those people to Wallace. Their frustrations and angers are legitimate. They're *right* in what they feel is wrong with the way this country's working. It's what my campaign's all about, and it's why I'm starting with a lot of those people who never did join up with McGovern, and it comes from having to explain it to my dad and my own people all these years. . . ." Two stout fingers now were shoved all the way in his handkerchief pocket and rummaging, and his other hand was churning the air. "You know, they tell me at a lot of elitist cocktail party circles, 'Fred, we love what you say, but will *they* get it'—meaning, of course, the great unwashed. Well, I come from 'they'—" His black eyes were crackling now, and his voice was at full whump. "—I'm a member of the great unwashed. And let me tell you something—*they get it quickest. They get it quickest.*"

"You know, they tell me at a lot of elitist cocktail parties, 'Fred, we love what you say, but will they get it'—meaning, of course, the great unwashed. Well, I'm a member of the great unwashed. And let me tell you something—they get it quickest"

He cuffed his scattered hair clumsily back straight from his forehead. In the air of the hushed room there hung a harp of light from the morning outside, and he tugged thickly for a moment on the fingers of one hand, while several heads in front of him bent for small, careful sips from their cups. "What you may still hear now and then is, 'Fred Harris is the only one of them I really believe in, but he hasn't got a chance.' Well, all you gotta do in a situation like that, where everybody in their heart wants to be for you, only wants the slightest chance of promise to join in with you, all you gotta do in a situation like that is just show the slightest difference, the slightest strength—and the whole thing takes off. That's what's gonna happen in this campaign. I don't think anything quite like it has ever happened before in this country. *Fred Harris is gonna win*—and if you believe strong enough, you yourself will be helping to make it come to pass. I'm askin' you to come in with me. Because right now, you can be a large part of decidin' which way the wind's gonna blow in this country. . . ."

In a chair immediately in front of Harris, a silver-haired gentleman quietly removed his glasses, the lenses fogged, and briefly cleared them with the end of his tie. Harris, after a hasty, lurching round of handshakes, heaved on out the door, descended in the elevator and disappeared into the din and swarm of the street outside.

But one seems finally to know, in the pit and quick of one's spirit, it is almost surely hopeless—a night ride, a brief whinny and whirl and booming of distant phantom horses out on the far, wild, weedy edges of the glassy-towered corporate computered age, a civilization almost empty now of reckless winging dreams and visions, made up of the technological metaphysic and a J. Walter Thompson theology of appearances, the Nielsen conscience, all life reducing to a matter of methodology. In this Presidential season's collection of political mechanics, the only other anomaly among them with a measure of spontaneous private reality would be Morris Udall, easy and gangling, but it is precisely because of his own private graces of decency and thoughtfulness and civilized mildness that the heart sinks also for his fortunes. And in all this, the sifting of the primaries constitutes the only real moment of meaning—the true crucible in which is cast the nation's destiny, as the past has too often shown us; with the alternatives that are left afterward, it's too late, what follows then is an illusionary conflict, a great mime grappling.

But if, indeed, we are almost unnoticingly entering into some undefined new ice-age of the human spirit, some new, strange twilight of technological and electronic barbarism, it seems not too much to suggest that, however doomed Harris' campaign now. at the least it may be providing the nation one last, whooping, existential foray out to the windy margins of our possibility, one last skirmish and adventure in our long, fitful struggle to find out who we are. Whatever befalls Harris in the months ahead, that adventure itself is gift enough. ●

Movies

New York, New York
By Richard Corliss

The original Gotham was an English village near Nottingham whose inhabitants, according to legend, feigned insanity in order to prevent King John from setting up residence there. Today's New Yorkers needn't resort to such stratagems to keep Gerald of Grand Rapids from occupying Central Park; they've worked at being eccentric for too long, and the city's artists have been too successful in capturing this image on paper, canvas, vinyl and celluloid. The portrait may be benign or malignant: Dawn Powell's witty novels of bohemian life in mid-century Greenwich Village, or Andy Warhol's scabrous *Chelsea Girls;* Red Grooms' sprawling *Ruckus Manhattan* environment (a dwarf's Disneyland as designed by R. Crumb), or Bob Dylan's fresco of decadence "Desolation Row." But the message is usually the same: Manhattan is a $24 fruitcake with a frag bomb inside. And the new year's most estimable movies, Paul Mazursky's *Next Stop, Greenwich Village* and Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver,* offer eloquent and opposing commentary on the two faces of New York: Fun City and Gomorrah.

Mazursky's New York in the summer of '52 is a very accessible, agreeable state of mind: a halfway house for struggling actors, smug poets, New School lechers, artists and models in search of each other. They work in health-food bars and relax in coffee houses; go for auditions and abortions; fall in love, fall into sex, learn to cope. For all their desire to live "existentially," their true religion is fellowship. For them, Hell is no other people. Once a month or so, when a manic-depressive decides to commit suicide, she invites her friends over to watch.

The centerpiece of this buffet of human energy is Larry Lapinsky (Lenny Baker), a talented young actor who wants to be the next Brando but is more likely to wind up doing Brando impressions on the Sullivan show. Larry has the curse of a lot of bright kids: He's much more creative at imitations, at affectionate parody, than he is at expressing his own particular genius. He's like other Mazursky heroes in his need to Find Himself—a painful, funny process that means first renouncing, and then reconciling himself to his immediate universe: his nice girlfriend (for whom he is obviously not suited), his nutsy-greatsy mother (who, he says, "invented the Oedipus Complex"), his own ambitions and limitations as an actor.

Mazursky—he of *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice & Alex & Blume & Harry & Tonto*— might seem the very model of the New York boy who's "gone Hollywood." ("Well," he once said, "you're *in* Hollywood. You don't expect to go New York, do you?") But beneath the false glitter of Mazursky's West Coast flakiness you can see the real glimmer of a sentimental New Yorker who finds something redeemably quirky in almost everyone, even his own kvetch of a Jewish mother. Mazursky's films are comedies because of temperament more than gag-count. After a treacherous flirtation with Fellini's cartoon surrealism, Mazursky has moved away from comic gargoyles (the producer in *Alice in Wonderland,* the shrewish matron in *Blume in Love*) and toward the laissez-faire humanism of Jean Renoir, in which "everyone has his reasons."

Robert DeNiro travels the mean streets of New York in Scorsese's new film, *Taxi Driver.*

This openness extends to the way Mazursky makes movies. He allows his actors and their characters breathing space within the story, and his audience room to relax between the jokes. He's the Michael Murphey of cinema—an encounter therapist leading his patients on in their own good time. And actors respond to this encouragement with what are frequently their best performances. In *Next Stop, Greenwich Village,* Mazursky is working mostly with young unknowns, but he's managed to bring together an informal repertory company whose members interact with the assured ease of a happy family. Even Shelley Winters, who's become something of a gargoyle herself, meets the challenge; her overbearing Yiddishe mama is a creation of blood as well as flesh.

Mazursky is the most explicitly autobiographical of all Hollywood filmmakers, and *Next Stop, Greenwich Village* has the tenor of an affectionate memoir of youth, written in old age. Like young Larry, Mazursky lived in the Village while waiting for The Big Break: 14th billing as a bit punk in *The Blackboard Jungle* (where he can be seen, looking surprisingly well-tailored for a teenage tough, and doing impressions of Walter Winchell). Maybe Mazursky has something really audacious planned: a multipart film autobiography, following his erratic career up through *Next Stop, Greenwich Village*—at which point he can start all over again. I hope not. I'd like to see him make more films about New York, developing his thesis that the city, if not lovable, is at least livable.

At a fashionable West Side bar during the 1973 Lincoln Center Film Festival, a distinctly New York event took place: Actress Sylvia Miles dumped a plate of hors d'oeuvres on critic John Simon. I was within a scone's throw of the historic trashing, but for some reason my attention was drawn not to the apoplectic Mr. S. but to actor Robert DeNiro, who was quietly taking the silliness in—taking notes, I thought—with a computer brain and cobra eyes. As Travis Bickle in *Taxi Driver,* DeNiro is exposed to New York types rather more exotic than Simon and Miles and, for most of the film, simply observes the human traffic careening and sometimes colliding, without moving much more than his jaw muscle. Still, DeNiro grabs your attention; you keep waiting for

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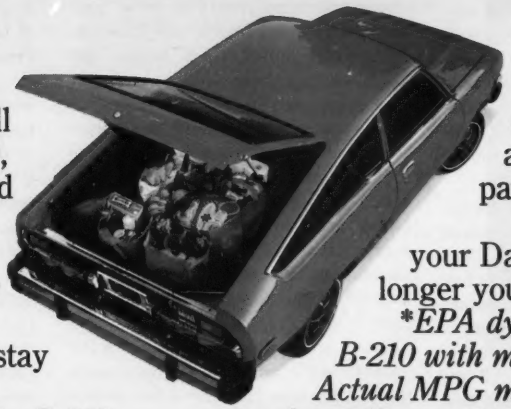

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something to explode. It's often been said that film acting is the art of *re*acting, and DeNiro has the film actor's—and movie star's—gift of being interesting while doing nothing.

Good thing, too, because author Paul Schrader has drawn Travis as a still life against a peripatetic, Bakshi-like background. Schrader wrote a monograph a few years ago on the "transcendental style" of such contemplative masters as Robert Bresson; now he's created something of a Bressonian version of Arthur Bremer, George Wallace's would-be assassin. Like Bremer, Travis is a renegade loner who keeps both a diary and a small arsenal. And like Bresson, Schrader treats his protagonist as a victim whose environment determines his deadly destiny.

The characters in *Taxi Driver* are as isolated as Mazursky's group was communal. Hardly anyone in the film makes contact with other people, or has connections with families back home. For these New Yorkers, in fact, there *is* no "back home"; they seem to have as little past as they have future. All we know about Travis' history is that he's an ex-Marine who hasn't seen his parents in years. When he reaches out to women, it is for salvation rather than sex: He wants to save a preteen prostitute (Jodie Foster) from her vicious procurer, and a blonde goddess (Cybill Shepherd) from one of her klutzy colleagues. And he wants to save himself from the very New York he's become obsessed by.

As written, Travis (who drives a cab at night because he "can't sleep") is a maze of contradictions—or maybe of inconsistencies. He knows what "venal" means but not "moonlighting." With Cybill, the girl of his dreams, he's charming and almost psychically intuitive one moment, but, in the next, blows it by thinking the way to impress her is to take her to a 42nd Street porno film for their first date. Even DeNiro, vulnerable and dangerous like Brando at his best, can't make the things that happen around Travis really sift through him and sink into him. The change in his character—from glazed observer to dazed participant—is imposed more than experienced. Travis doesn't really have a range of emotions, just two extremes. Still, you can see what would attract DeNiro to the part, for Travis is a weird blend of aspects of earlier DeNiro characters: the pathetic sweetness of the baseball player in *Bang the Drum Slowly*, the theatrical psychopathy of Johnny Boy from *Mean Streets*, the suffering dignity of the young Godfather. And you can guess what attracted Scorsese (fresh from his amiable, midstream *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*) to the project: the chance *not* to become the next Peter Bogdanovich.

Scorsese has gone all-out here, shooting the works to make a great film out of Schrader's script. *Taxi Driver* is a virtual lexicon of passionate, sophisticated filmmaking technique. Slow motion, pixilation, closeup tracking shots, abrupt overhead points of view, prismatic images, red filters, rack-focusing, deliberately mismatched shots, dissolves within a scene and a dozen other devices are used intelligently and voluptuously. Scorsese directs in the "operatic" tradition of some other notable Italians (Fellini, Visconti, Leone, Minnelli, Coppola), and, although *Taxi Driver* may not always succeed as drama, it produces some intoxicating visual music. When it's working—which is most of the time—it generates the kind of sensuous excitement only the movies can provide. At its best—in the "nighttown" montages that snake through the film—it shows what movies can be.

These montages capture the sick fascination of a New York night like nothing I can think of. Bernard Herrmann's klaxon brass and heartbeat percussion set the tone and tempo as primordial steam escapes through the manhole grates, and the taxi fender glides ominously past a marquee advertising *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*. Scorsese and visual consultant David Nichols bring the zombie carcass alive; they transform archaeology into art. Out of the corner of the frame you can catch glimpses of the nighttown's "little murders"—gangs throwing eggs at your car, catatonic junkies who become living sculptures in your doorway, a big black man storming down your block screaming for revenge—until gradually they move into the center of the image, and turn into big murders. You know you're in the lower depths when the two most engaging guys around are a fast-talking kid who deals in guns and dope (Steven Prince) and a long-haired pimp who sells his 12½-year-old girlfriend for a dollar a minute (Harvey Keitel). As Raymond Chandler wrote, 30 years ago, of a slightly different milieu: "It is not a fragrant world, but it is the world you live in."

It's a world Travis wants to "flush down the fuckin' toilet," as he explains to a liberal presidential candidate (Leonard Harris) who knows enough to drop his final *g*'s when chatting with a working-class voter. Travis isn't used to talking, so his words get carried away by his thoughts. He isn't used to thinking for himself, either; and in planning some course of action to resolve his repulsion for the dead city, his hope and his hatred start tripping over each other. Travis has progressed from neurotic chaos to psychotic serenity. As he reshapes his body into a walking-stalking-killing machine, his hypnotic loathing comes into focus on one man: maybe Keitel, "the lowest suckin' scum of the earth"; maybe Harris, "the next President of the United States."

Taxi Driver is an urban horror movie, and by its climax Travis has become *Psycho*'s Norman Bates transformed into an urban guerrilla. But don't expect the fear and pity Hitchcock secured for Tony Perkins. Scorsese has something else in mind for his capper: a blood ballet that's half Peckinpah and half *Night of the Living Dead*. Scenes like this are supposed to be cathartic, or at least emetic, but for me they're all special effects. How did they blow three fingers off a man's right hand? stick a knife clean through his left hand? get that Jackson Pollock effect (his red period) on the wall? But *Taxi Driver* must have its Apocalypse, and Scorsese treats it as if it were Revelation. He needn't have. There *are* genuinely frightening moments in this picture—it's a genuinely frightening picture—and they come in smaller, more lethal doses: a TV set that is knocked over and explodes; a cigarette thrown against a man's coat; the look on DeNiro's face as he aims a .44 Magnum into the camera-mirror, and almost smiles.

Statistics show that New York is the safest of America's 13 largest cities. But people don't look at statistics. They look at Johnny Carson, whose jokes about crime in New York were probably as responsible as anything else for scaring businesses and conventions away from Manhattan. And now they'll look at DeNiro's twisted grin as he says, "You talkin' to *me*?" (Want to keep New Yorkers barricaded in their homes for good? Play a double-feature of *Taxi Driver* and *The Taking of Pelham 123.*) If *Taxi Driver* becomes a hit, it won't be because it's brilliantly made but because it feeds the *Death Wish* fantasy of too many Americans. Hubert Humphrey, maybe even Gerald Ford could live with Paul Mazursky's affectionate portrait of Greenwich Village; *Taxi Driver*'s New York is more like the nightmare vision of a George Wallace o.d.'d on paranoia.

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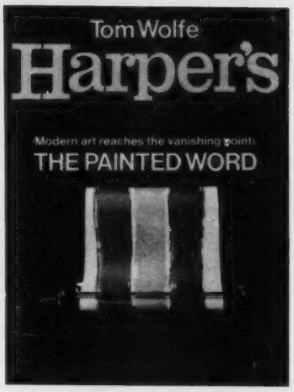

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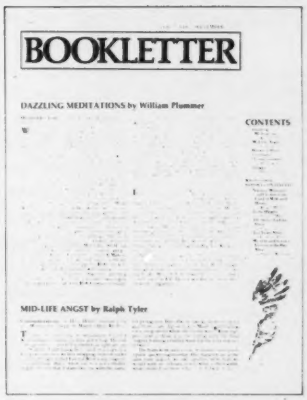
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Books

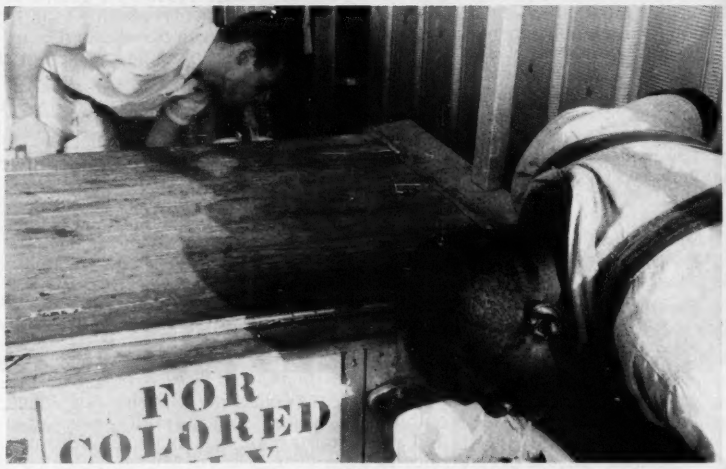
White v. Black
By Geoffrey Wolff

Simple Justice *by Richard Kluger.* Knopf (823 pp., $15.95).

Richard Kluger was seven years writing his account of the 1954 desegregation decision by the Earl Warren Supreme Court, so perhaps it seems small-minded to begrudge him the 20 and more hours required to read it. It is a noble study, written in the grand manner, and it deals deeply and expansively with the history of racial abrasion in America. It is concerned with the dead center of our history and the failure of our deepest hopes for our nation, and it is a pity that the book's length, almost half a million words—the equivalent of five books of average length—will prevent many readers from experiencing it.

The foreground subject of *Simple Justice* is the law of the land, the instrument by which we enact our social contract. The principal actors are lawyers and judges rather than legislators, since it was taken as given from the time of the Emancipation Proclamation until the passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act that black Americans would receive no nourishment from the actions of Congress. What succor they might hope to receive would come from our courts, from the interpretation and perhaps the enforcement of existing laws. *Brown* v. *Board of Education,* the encompassing title of four cases brought on appeal to the Supreme Court in 1951, was the culmination of almost 60 years of legal maneuver to undo the mischief made by a previous decision of the Supreme Court, *Plessy* v. *Ferguson.*

Plessy, decided in 1896, raised the wall known as "separate-but-equal" against black Americans. Homer Adolph Plessy had been arrested four years earlier in Louisiana for his refusal to remove himself from a railroad car reserved for white passengers to one set aside for colored. Four years after appealing his conviction for violation of a Jim Crow statute, Plessy received the opinion of Associate Justice Henry Billings Brown that the Fourteenth Amendment was intended to equalize blacks and whites before the law, "but in the nature of things it could not have been intended to abolish distinctions based upon color, or to enforce social, as distinguished from political equality, or a commingling of the two races upon terms unsatisfactory to either. . . . We consider the underlying fallacy of the plaintiff's argument to consist in the assumption that the enforced separation of the two races stamps the colored race with a badge of inferiority. If this be so, it is not by reason of anything found in the act, but solely because the colored race chooses to put that construction upon it."



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Jim Crow statutes—buttressed by an 1896 Supreme Court decision—made separate public facilities for blacks and whites a predominant feature of southern life.

There was a single dissent from Brown's opinion, and upon that instant Jim Crow statutes, till then uncertain and exploratory, became the predominant features of public life in the South. It made not the slightest difference that Brown's decision in *Plessy* provided a location, in the words of a law professor, where "the curves of callousness and stupidity intersect at their respective maxima"; the decision was a fortress behind which the worst racist impulses of Americans could take shelter, could take dignified shelter, and it wasn't till 1954 that the fortress was breached, when Earl Warren, speaking for a unanimous court, declared that "separate educational facilities are inherently unequal."

Plessy and *Brown* are at the antipodes, and the miserable journey from one to the other is the story Kluger tells. His primary characters are lawyers, and especially the black lawyers who fought courageously and resourcefully for every inch of territory the Supreme Court grudgingly yielded to common sense and common decency. Foremost among them was Thurgood Marshall, now an associate justice of the court before which he argued his portion of *Brown* v. *Board of Education of Topeka.* Kluger has a special affection for Marshall, for his warmth and staying power and self-deprecating humor, and he properly lavishes himself on the most minute details of Marshall's character and motives. Among the other black lawyers who argued the scores of cases that finally wore the Supreme Court down were Charles H. Houston, a brilliant and driving fanatic, who built Howard University Law School from a moribund backwater and diploma mill into a polished machine for the fabrication of black civil rights. His colleagues were Spottswood W. Robinson III, James Nabrit (a civil rights lawyer and later president of Howard), William H. Hastie, William T. Coleman (currently secretary of transportation) and a white attorney for the Legal Defense Fund of the NAACP—which brought most of the important cases—Jack Greenberg.

These men faced an intimidating dilemma: where to push, and how hard. Associate Justice Robert Jackson had remarked once that "we are not final because we are infallible, but we are infallible only because we are final." Upon that finality our national order

rested, and *Plessy* was final if nothing else. It was *there*, a decision, unambiguous, and attorneys who came to court to win equality of opportunity for their clients, and for the millions of black children whom their clients represented, were for a very long while obliged to fight piecemeal for their rights, and always on the basis of a lack of equality between individual white and black educational institutions. That inequality was dramatic enough, God knows, but the case-by-case approach was inhumanly wasteful of time, money and patience.

Moreover, each time a case was won by a black American against a white school or municipality or state, *Plessy* was more deeply reaffirmed. So that when John W. Davis, a learned and elegant onetime presidential candidate, came to argue for the state of South Carolina against desegregation in 1951, he was able to invoke seven Supreme Court rulings upholding *Plessy*'s separate-but-equal doctrine: "Somewhere, some time, to every principle there comes a moment of repose when it has been so often announced, so confidently relied upon, so long continued, that it passes the limits of judicial discretion and disturbance." Davis had a point, and it may well have been that the justices hearing *Brown* realized that if the blacks' final headlong rush against *Plessy* did not then prevail, it never would, that institutional racism could be "confidently relied upon" and forever continued.

Earl Warren wrote the decision against Jim Crow laws with enormous care, to avoid rival opinions from other justices and to win over Associate Justice Stanley F. Reed, till the last moment inclining toward dissent. He did not accuse the South of bad faith, nor did he directly address *Plessy*. He was wary of the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment—far more than he need have been, in Kluger's estimation—and he gave the segregated states time and leeway, ordering only that they integrate with "all deliberate speed." We know the rest, the sorry story of massive resistance, outright contempt of the courts' decrees, gerrymandered school districts and gross inequality fostered by gross distinctions in the local revenues developed for schools by property taxes. Busing is an abomination, but it is the fruit not of the black man's aggression but of the white man's failure of brotherhood. It is the fruit of *Plessy*, and what bore and nurtured *Plessy* is the complicated subject of this book.

Kluger could have, should have, made his story more accessible. He drifts too often from the path of his subject, and too often loads his anecdotes and descriptions with an absurd weight of detail. We are told, for example, that Topeka's Gage Park Zoo features "performing elephants and the only known giraffes in all of Kansas." Often a character will appear and be given a full-dress history of education and employment and conviction, only to disappear without having acted. Having performed such prodigies of research, Kluger seems reluctant to leave a single fact unrecorded. His book, that is, could have been better; as it is, it is very good, an undertaking in its own way as courageous as the undertakings of those myriad blacks who scaled the fortress of *Plessy* and continue to work their enduring wills against racial mistrust and hatred. Kluger says that he was educated by his book and was moved by the experience of writing it, and no wonder.

Music

Cruel overexposure

By Janet Maslin

The line outside started forming four hours before the first show, 15 degree chill and sharp winds notwithstanding; right now, going to see Patti Smith is hardly an undertaking for the fainthearted. Tickets for her first official tour (there were a few out-of-town dates before this, but none that anyone cares to remember) have been in desperate demand. What makes this rampage unusual, though, is that very few of the freezing fans anywhere outside Manhattan have had any chance to hear Smith before this. Most of them have only heard *about* her, thanks to adulatory articles in a long list of publications, including this one. Even the *New York Times Magazine*, not in the habit of profiling rock stars who have scarcely

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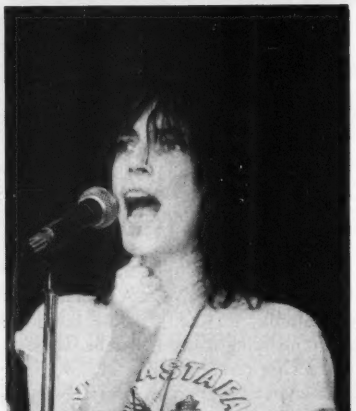
released any music (Smith's debut album, *Horses*, has since made a respectable but unspectacular showing on the record charts), has proclaimed Patti Smith the latest rage. So on this particular evening, among the small,frostbitten audience packed into a basement club in Boston, it was virtually impossible to separate the cognoscenti from the curious—and entirely pointless to try.

A sizable section of the crowd had attended this show simply to find out what all the fuss was about, and certainly some of them went home still asking that same question. Patti Smith is a more charismatic performer than her album might lead one to expect, but she does play pretty fast and loose with the usual nightclub conventions—after all, Frank Sinatra doesn't go around spitting out gum and cough drops in the middle of a performance, nor does he repeatedly scratch his armpits through a T-shirt sized to fit an elephant. Wayne Newton doesn't trip all over his amplifier cords. Paul Anka would hardly abandon a number in mid-rendition, offering a shrug and a peremptory "Well, it goes on." And Joni Mitchell has almost never been known to spice up *her* show by simulating masturbation on a two-foot-long prayer rug.

However, the only truly surprising thing about Smith's live act is its incompatibility with her album. *Horses* is spare, primitive and so devoid of context that the vocals often wind up sounding merely affected; the persona it presents is distinctive yet incomplete. It leaves Smith's own attitude toward her work, for instance, completely unexplored—one would never imagine, on the evidence of *Horses*, that she can be comfortable enough to joke about it. Nor would one dream that the stark, scrawny, provocatively dull-eyed androgyne on the album cover can also look about as omnisexual as a potato; on stage, Smith frequently assumes the manner of an 8-year-old girl who can't find her mommy in the bus station. And it works, too—one of Smith's most useful gifts is that of making audiences want to like her, almost in spite of themselves. She's going to need that knack over the next few months, because all those rave notices have won her as many responses of the "Oh yeah?" variety as they have new admirers.

This time, Smith's show did provoke something of its desired effect; on the aisle, two stewardess types in ski jackets squealed and applauded every time the phrase "shooting up" crept into Smith's conversation. (Vice- and name-dropping are among the less attractive aspects of the act; in this set, a studiously casual reference to fighting the obscenity laws in England with William Burroughs seemed particularly shameless.) But for the most part, the fans went home looking lukewarm. It's a common pop music phenomenon right now: The latest crowd of Great White Wonders are a lot more shattering, riveting, exciting, original, tasty and right-on to read about than they are to see or hear. The Tubes, an allegedly devastating troupe of San Francisco rock satirists currently at work on their second album, aren't yet quite as witty as their notices might make it appear. And if you didn't realize that Tom Waits was brilliantly reconstituting Fifties patter, you might mistake him for just some talented new songwriter spouting beatnik jive. Neil Young's last two albums might not sound nearly so interesting if you didn't recognize them as carefully conceptualized statements about loss. Even Bruce Springsteen, a performer uncommonly worthy of his accolades, may not always be able to make the earth move as emphatically as *Time*, *Newsweek* and all the rest say it's supposed to.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACKIE MERRI MEYER



Patti Smith: playing fast and loose with the usual nightclub conventions.

The kind of critical politicking that takes over at such fallow times, when the arts are in a slack period and everyone itches for a little excitement, is certainly hard on audiences: It's puzzling and annoying to find that unlikely newcomers have suddenly become four-hours-out-in-the-cold's worth of interesting. But the really unfortunate part of the phenomenon is that it's even rougher on the artist than on the fan. Patti Smith couldn't have been playing in worse circumstances when I saw her than if she had been a half-time attraction at the Super Bowl. Through no fault of her own, she had been prematurely catapulted into a put-up-or-shut-up situation, and she couldn't possibly have come out ahead. An audience that might, in a less high-pressure situation, have been charmed and piqued by her idiosyncratic talents wound up muttering "So what?" instead.

In Patti Smith's case, there may be no easy solution to the problem; even if the press seems intent on killing her off with kindness, the extensive attention of the media does fit perfectly with what she's trying to do. It just goes with the territory: Smith herself used to write for *Creem*, she's refreshingly selfless in her adoration of such rock greats as Jim Morrison, Keith Richard, Hendrix and Rimbaud, and her own pop stardom is part of the experiment. She wears it tentatively, gingerly, as though she were trying on something that once belonged to Brian Jones. Yet the wholehearted enthusiasm with which Smith has assimilated rock belies the delicacy of her present attempts to recycle that same enthusiasm into a modified poetry-reading milieu. Her obvious fervor is what banishes the unsavory possibility that this is one more attempt to elevate rock, to lend it a little class through juxtaposition with a serious art form. That fervor is also what gives her stage act its integrity. Whatever you make of her music, you can't help being moved by the depth of her single-minded commitment to it.

One of her favorite stage tricks, repeated so frequently it seems deliberate, is to go blank very suddenly; she's been smiling, and the audience smiling too, when her eyes abruptly glaze over and warn the crowd to keep out. That's the only false note to Smith's onstage dementia; otherwise, she seems genuinely obsessed by her music and incapable of calculation. She makes it possible to believe that she never asked for all this attention, it just *happened*, and that she's capable of ignoring it even now. And yet the cruelest thing about her current overexposure is that it has undermined Smith's mad integrity in an effort to make her understandable. She has explained herself to interviewers to the point where her whimsy

begins to wear thin, and her lyrics have been subjected to much closer scrutiny than they can bear. (Poet or no poet, Smith is no exception to the rule that anyone's pop lyrics look awful in print.) A lengthy stay in the spotlight may rob her of her mystery—and without its air of unfathomability and total self-absorption, Smith's music would risk sounding silly.

Patti Smith has had a long while to develop from poet to poetry-reader to musician, but the disparity between her album and live show means the loose ends are still outstanding; there's still quite a way for her to go. It's too bad she's going to have to do the rest of her learning in public, where patience runs short and the stakes are so high.

Albums briefly reviewed in this column are rated from zero to four stars.

****Wake Up Everybody,** *Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes* (Philadelphia International). Despite the lyrics' hokum about making this a peaceful world, this is hardly a happy album. On the back cover, lead singer and former star attraction Teddy Pendergrass skunks in the background, while the previously low-profile Harold Melvin dominates the front row. Melvin's protégé, Sharon Paige, sings lead on two of the seven songs here—at the expense of Pendergrass, who had a lot to do with making the group so outstanding. Small wonder they split up after this competent but halfhearted effort produced by the beleaguered Gamble and Huff.

***Aftertones,** *Janis Ian* (Columbia). Janis Ian's brave little quaver, her sense of tragedy and her considerable gifts as a *chanteuse* have a way of getting swamped by her self-pity, humorless complaining and Early Carly Simon sensibility. This tuneful, quite competent album is done in by personality problems rather than musical ones; though it's guaranteed to attract a following, there are also those whose hair it'll stand on end.

*****Kate and Anna McGarrigle** (Warner Brothers). Pretty, frilly, intelligent debut album from two sisters who have already established their separate songwriting reputations. (Linda Ronstadt sang Anna's "Heart Like A Wheel," while the best thing on Maria Muldaur's first solo record was Kate's "The Work Song.") Homey harmonies, top-pedigree personnel and high-budget production all contribute to a fragile neo-antique sound.

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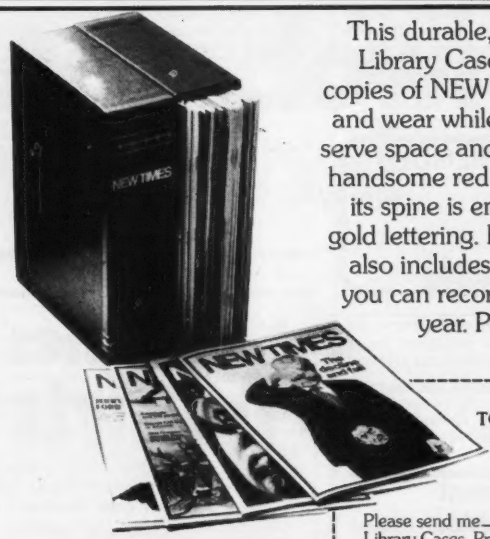

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Tired of livin'

Final Tribute

By Mark Goodman

Let me go way from the Mississippi
Let me go 'way from de white man boss

That's all Paul Robeson ever really wanted. Incontestably, he was a moody and complex figure, as passionate and full of rage as Othello, as vainglorious as Emperor Jones. He roamed the world as a sort of black Philip Nolan, a self-imposed exile from a land that howled in fury when he refused to be a Credit To His Race. That idiotic condescension might have stuck nicely to Joe Louis and Mantan Moreland and Nat King Cole, but Paul Robeson swatted it off his giant shoulder as if it were a sickly caterpillar. He roared, he fumed, he dared to say that in the Soviet Union he "walked with dignity for the first time," and he was predictably vilified in return. But if you listened to him, you heard that all he really wanted was captured in those two lines of his legendary rendition of "Ol' Man River"; he just wanted the white boss off his broad, black back.

Well, who in hell can blame him for that? Obvious issues of racial equality and social justice aside, how many white men could stand as his equal, much less his superior? If anyone could justifiably claim to be the American Renaissance Man of the twentieth century, it was Paul Robeson. In naming the Rutgers star to his 1918 all-America team, Walter Camp called Robeson "the greatest defensive end who ever trod the gridiron." When Robeson appeared on Broadway in *Emperor Jones*, critic George Jean Nathan described him as "one of the most thoroughly eloquent, impressive and convincing actors" he had ever seen. After Robeson gave a concert of Negro spirituals in Greenwich Village, Alexander Woollcott acclaimed him "the finest musical instrument wrought in our time."

Okay, so he had a natural sense of rhythm and was a singin' fool. Oh, but he had much, much more. Robeson didn't enter Rutgers as America's first blackjock mercenary. His father was a runaway slave who became a respected minister; his mother was a Philadelphia schoolteacher. Paul Robeson won a scholarship to Rutgers fair and square; he also won his class oratorical contest four years, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and delivered the commencement speech for the class of 1919.

From there Robeson went to Columbia Law School and received his LL.B. in 1921. That year he also married a bright chemistry student named Eslanda Cardoza Goode, who pointed him toward the theater and managed his career until she died in 1965. He eventually found his way down to Greenwich Village, the Provincetown Players and Eugene O'Neill. His voice and bearing brought powerful roles (Brutus Jones in *Emperor Jones*, Crown in *Porgy*, Joe in *Show Boat*) and instant fame.

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Paul Robeson as Joe in *Showboat*.

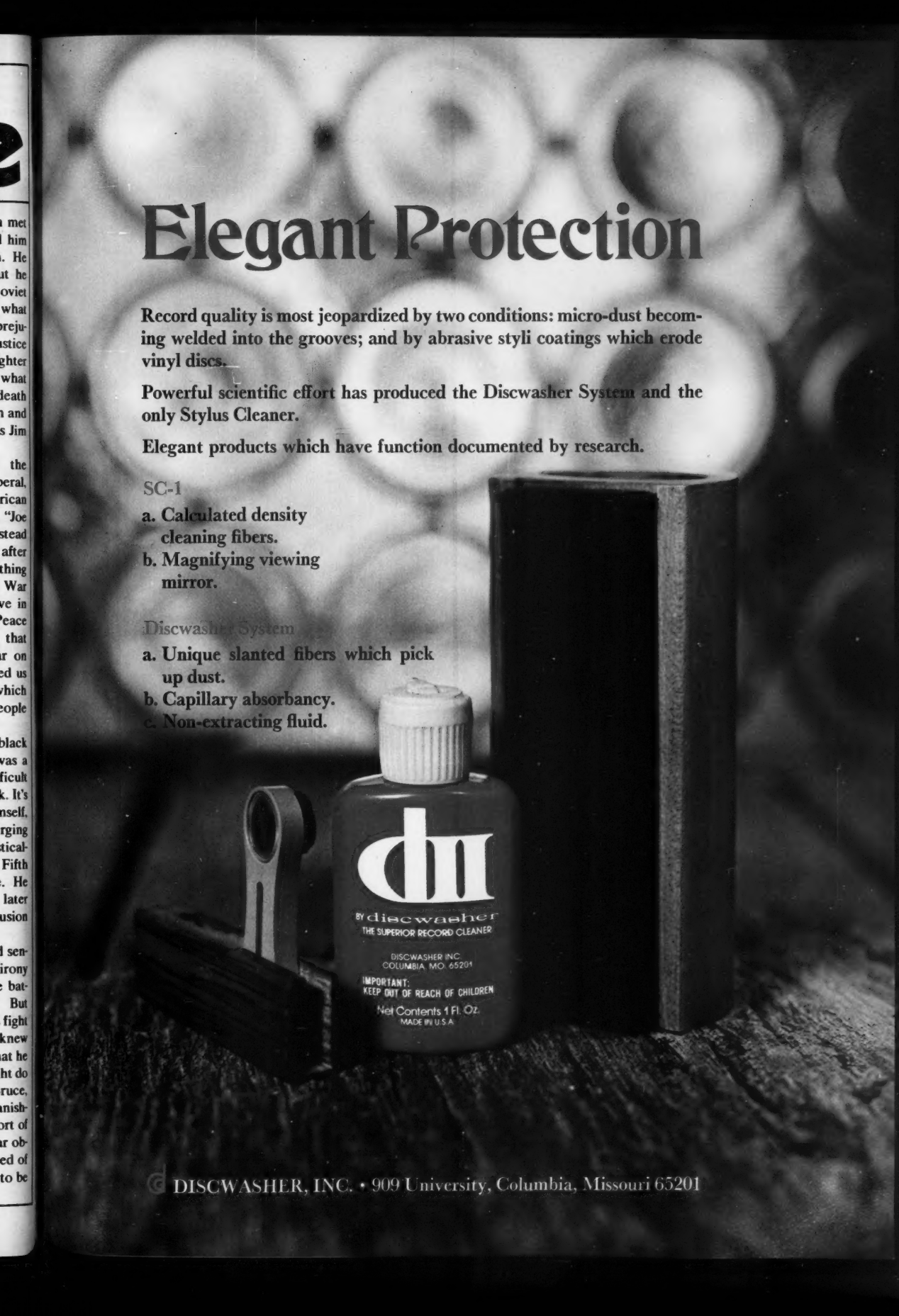
Yes, he was a credit to his race, all right. Sportswriters in the perfervid pulp prose of 1918 called him "the colored giant" or "the dark cloud." Rutgers classmates remembered him as a "modest and genial young man." When he soared to national stardom, well, everyone was glad he wasn't another Jack Johnson, beating up decent white boys (and bragging about it) or running around with white poon. The world was his oyster—even if the oysters occasionally had to be served in a separate dining room. So who needed to join in with A. Philip Randolph?

In 1928, however, Robeson met George Bernard Shaw, who asked him what he thought about socialism. He hadn't thought about it at all, but he began to. In a 1934 tour of the Soviet Union, he was most impressed by what he saw as the absence of racial prejudice. His roseate vision of Soviet justice would have evoked hollow laughter along the Gulag Archipelago, but what did Paul Robeson know of Stalin's death camps? He did know about Harlem and lynchings and Jim Crow, and it was Jim Crow that he determined to bury.

Robeson began to trod the familiar Thirties trail of the liberal, from the Welch coal mines to American union halls to dark Spain, singing "Joe Hill" and *Ballad for Americans* instead of "Ol' Man River." That was fine after the Allied-Soviet pact but something less than acceptable once the Cold War set in. He dug his American grave in 1949 when he told the World Peace Conference, "It is unthinkable that American Negroes will go to war on behalf of those who have oppressed us for generations against a country which in one generation has raised our people to the full dignity of mankind."

Robeson also spoke out for black pride when Stokely Carmichael was a pup, and taught himself such difficult African dialects as Yoruba and Efik. It's good that he could thus occupy himself, because his employability (an emerging term) in the U.S. plummeted drastically—especially after he took the Fifth before the McCarthy Committee. He left America to live in London, but later came home to live in rigorous seclusion with his sister in Philadelphia.

Robeson had too subtle and sensitive a mind not to have noted the irony of his private embattlement *v.* the battlements of the flaming Sixties. But nothing lured him out to speak; his fight was done. Young blacks scarcely knew who he was; older whites agreed that he was born before his time. That might do for Ingrid Bergman and Lenny Bruce, but not for Paul Robeson—his banishment from society was nothing short of a national disgrace. He died in near obscurity at the age of 77, surely tired of livin', and just as surely too bitter to be scared of dyin'. ●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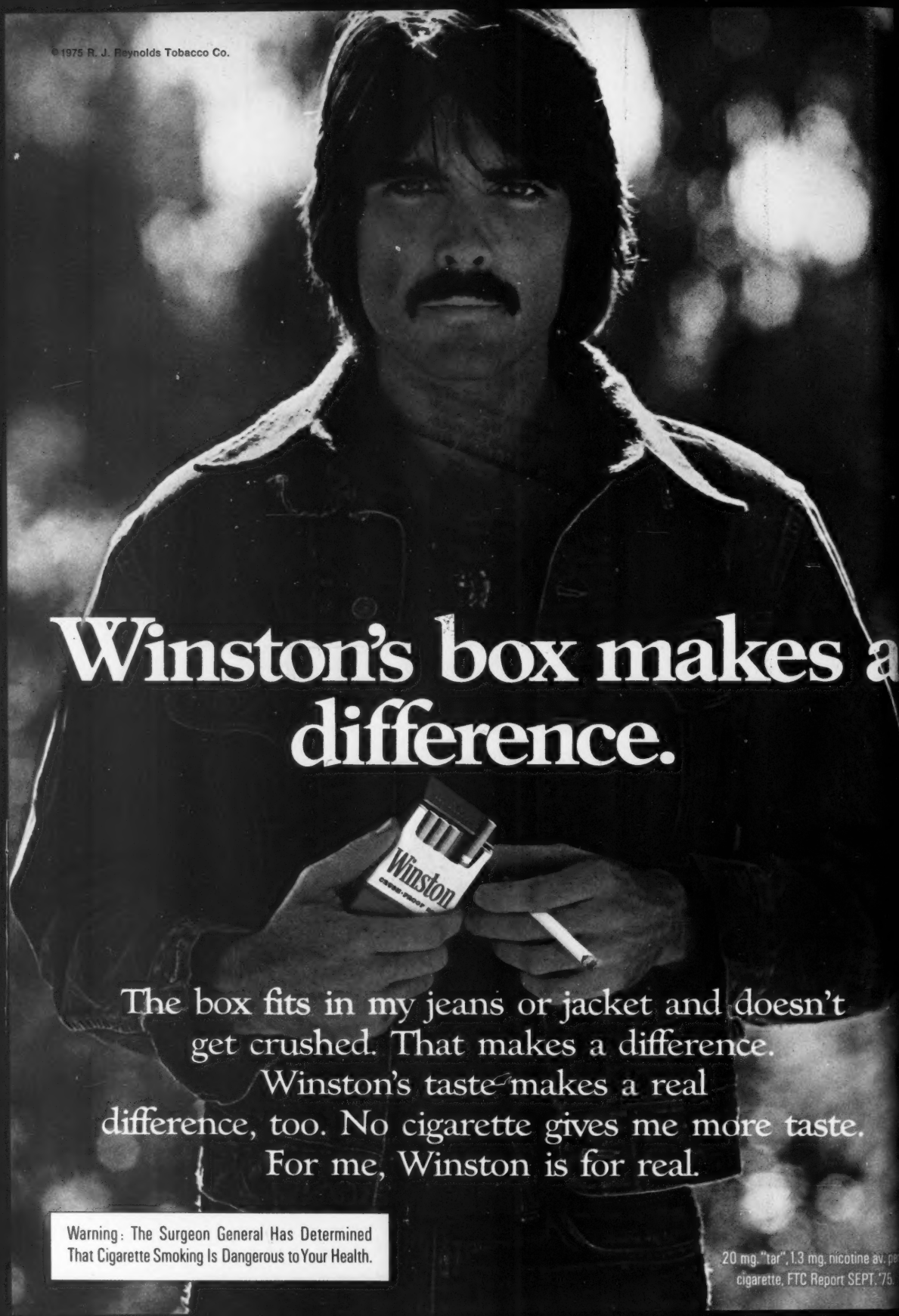
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